

In Memoriam

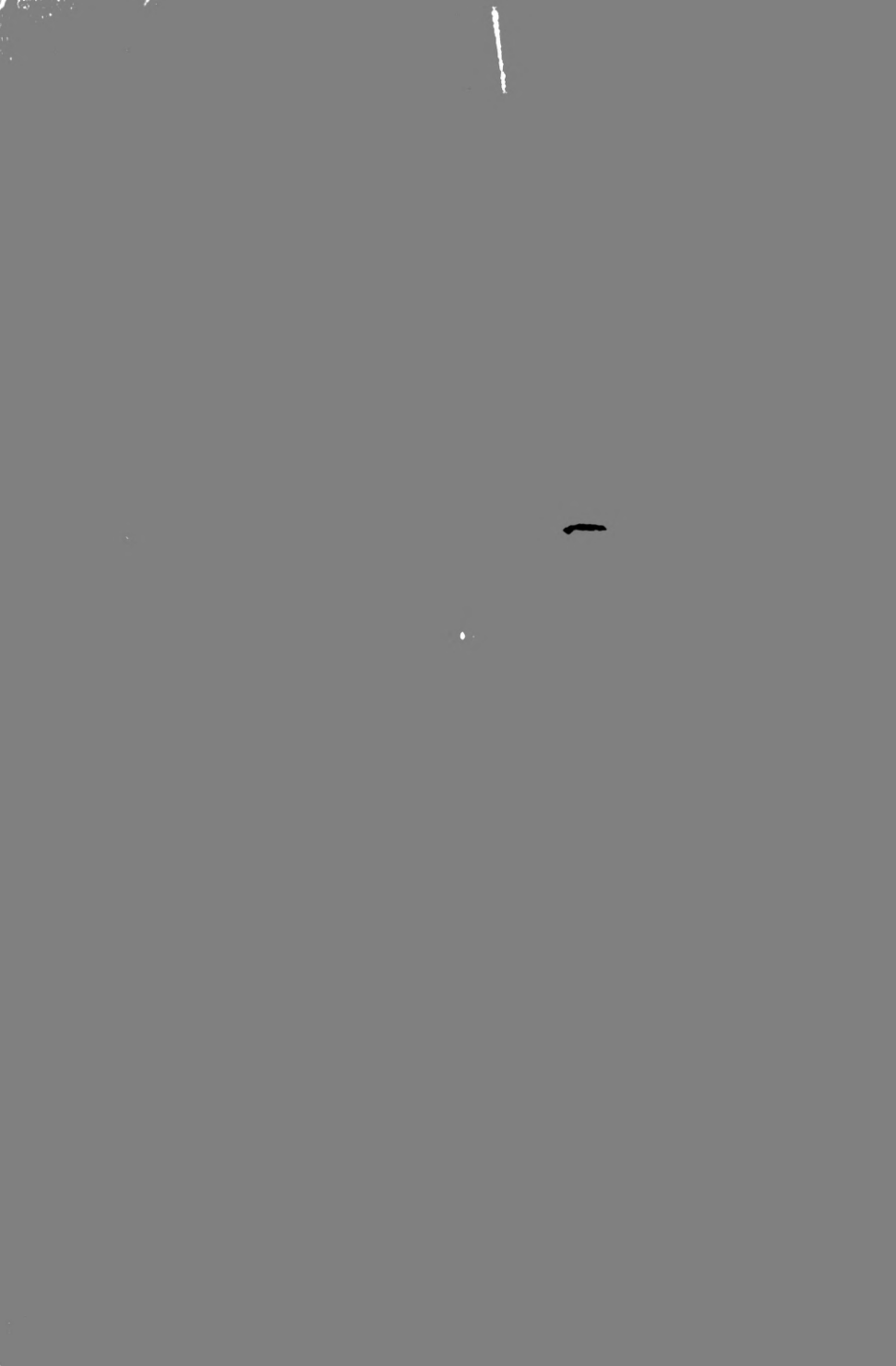
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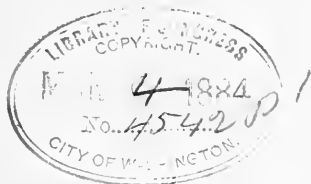
For when we go to our home at night,
Then find our home sweet,
Let our hearts be glad and bright,
And joy, and peace, and rest.

IN MEMORY

OF

L. H. P.
L. H. P.

F. P.
F. P.



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1884.

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THE poems contained in this volume were written at intervals of several years, and are printed for such friends and relatives as prize the memory of the writer, and to whom she was personally attached.

Of the events of her life, her earlier friends need no reminder; but there are younger and later ones who will value a short memoir.

LYDIA HARE PRIME, born November 3, A. D. 1818, was the only daughter of Professor Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, and of Harriet Clark, of Providence, Rhode Island. At the age of twenty she married Frederick Prime, of New York, being his second wife. She died on May 24, A. D. 1883, and is buried at Beechwood Cemetery, New Rochelle. She left two children—Frederick Prime, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Emily, widow of Lewis Livingston Delafield, of New York.

Lydia Prime possessed a clear and powerful intellect which was carefully trained by her parents, to whom she was an attached and faithful daughter. In early life, owing to the invalid state of her mother, she traveled much both in Europe and in the United States, and made use of the associations formed and opportunities offered to cultivate her mind and improve

her talents. During many years of her married life she resided at Edgewood, near New Rochelle, Westchester County, New York, and attended Christ Church, Pelham. Her religious principles were strong and openly expressed. She was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but had large sympathies toward the members of other Christian societies.

Her faith rested on a clear conviction of truth and the loving Fatherhood of Almighty God.

The engraving is a copy of the miniature taken of Mrs. Frederick Prime at the time of her marriage.

F. P.

The poems here collected were not merely the amusement of leisure hours ; far less were they ever intended for the public eye. They have been the solace and the recreation of a life devoted to duty, and they faithfully reflect the clear mind, the fervent heart, and the nobly loyal nature of her whose most fitting memorial they form.

Their inspiration was derived from the purest and highest sources. To soothe or strengthen or cheer the hearts of friends, deftly and gayly to impart to younger minds a zest for intellectual pleasures, and, amid the untiring activities of daily life, to add a constant grace and charm to the intercourse of home—such were the aims in which they had their origin. Fulfilling with zealous care all the sacred relations of daughter, wife, mother, and friend, hers was a soul not only dutifully occupied in generous efforts for the welfare of others, but gladly bringing its hidden treasures of graceful thought and ready fancy to minister to the delight of those whom she loved. Strong and tender and true, she seemed, as only a good woman can, an earthly Providence to many a nature less wise or less heroic than her own ; and hearts that ache for her loss still gratefully and joyfully remember all that she was while she lived among us.

Recollections of her steadfast faith in a merciful Saviour, of her perfect trust in a heavenly Father's will and guidance, of her simple, peaceful hope of a Blessed Country awaiting His children beyond the grave, form now the strong consolation of those whom her death has made desolate, and take from sorrow half its bitterness.

The active mind, the tender heart are stilled ; the busy hands are folded in rest ; and reverently we lay above them the flowers she gathered—the wreath which she with loving care had woven to gladden other hearts and other lives.

R. T. W.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov., 1883.*

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JUVENILE POEMS.

I.

DEDICATION FOR THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND.

THIS book, a votive offering on genius' shrine, I lay ;
May gems of wit and fancy bright their lustre here display !
Imagination, goddess fair, on every leaf shall dwell,
Mingled with salutary truths, which only friends may tell.
The scholar and the poet, here, knowledge and sweetness pour
Until each page shall be replete with rich and curious lore ;
Ocean and earth and air alike their secrets here shall tell,
And every hand shall lend its aid the various theme to swell.
The honied strain of flattery alone no place shall find ;
It ne'er can serve to elevate—it must degrade the mind.
Farewell ! farewell ! my task is done ; gently I take my leave ;
Unnumbered wishes for success and happiness receive.

PROVIDENCE, *September, 1834.*

II.

HAD I the poet's magic power,
I'd celebrate each tree and flower
In strains more sweet than those which erst
From Circe and the Sirens burst;
I'd breathe such witching lays as ne'er
Fell on astonished mortal's ear,
Save his who, wandering astray
In a wild wood, has lost his way,
And hears by chance some fairy lay.
Then would I seek a different measure,
And sing about a hidden treasure,
Or strike the lyre to notes more soft and slow,
And sadly sweet the elegiac verse should flow;
Of Scotia's mighty bard I'd chant the knell,
With many a sigh the solemn chorus swell.
But cease my song! 'Tis all in vain
I strive to wake poetic strain;
No charm around my lyre is flung,
The chords I've touched are all unstrung;
Vainly I've sought some potent spell—
They only echo *fare thee well!*

PROVIDENCE, *September, 1834.*

III.

I WOULD I had some powerful spell
To drive dull care away ;
To bid the heart with rapture swell,
And charm each passing day.

Some poets say *Love* has the power
To shed, o'er sorrow, light,
And though life's sky may darkly lower,
Still make its sunset bright.

Some say that *Friendship* well can soothe
All care and grief and pain,
Life's rugged pathway gently smooth,
And lonely hearts sustain.

And *this* is true ; if holy charm
Was e'er by angel given
Life's keenest sufferings to disarm,
This came indeed from heaven !

PHILADELPHIA, April 21, 1835.

POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

VIOLET.

“A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye.”

SHE was not one of those who lightly weep,
Drowning their sorrows in a flood of tears :
The source of strong emotion lay so deep
In her, that trivial daily cares and fears
Might darken o'er life's surface, yet, below,
Its onward current clear and tranquil flow.

The discipline of life had not been lost
Upon her nature ; she had early learned,
Between contending hopes and wishes tossed,
How from the wrong the right may be discerned,
By constant reference to the law divine
And prayer, “Conform, O Lord, our wills to thine!”

Much she had suffered ; it had been her fate
To watch beside the couch of pain and death
Of many loved ones ; tremblingly to wait,
Marking the weakened frame, the shortening breath,
And, when at last the spirit passed away,
Weep o'er the senseless and inanimate clay.

Worse still, she had seen many a cherished bark,
With love and innocence and high hopes laden,
Faith lost, no compass left life's course to mark,
Perish before it reached the appointed haven :
Mysterious are the decrees of God ;
In patient grief she bowed beneath the rod.

Calmly she walked midst suffering and distress,
Consoling by her gentle sympathy,
Till passionate woe lost half its bitterness,
And upward learned to lift its tear-dimmed eye,
Content to bear the loss of earthly bliss,
In the high hope of heavenly happiness.

Her faith was simple ; while she humbly tried
Meekly to walk in Christ's appointed way,
Her "Father" all things needful would provide,
Nor from His keeping suffer her to stray ;
Therefore no evil could her *spirit* harm,
Guided, sustained, by an Almighty arm.

All things were fair to her, in earth or sky :
She loved the glorious day, the still, cool night,
The stars, the flowers ; each insect fluttering by
Opened to her fresh sources of delight.
If to sin-darkened souls such joys are given,
How infinite, she thought, the bliss of Heaven !

She was not beautiful, and yet there dwelt
Such tranquil thought and purpose in her face,
A mingled tenderness and firmness, felt
By all who met her pensive, earnest gaze ;
The eye with so much pleasure rested there,
None asked or doubted whether she were fair.

She was not learned ; her youthful energies
Had been devoted to those little cares
In which a loving woman's province lies,
Chasing the frown that suffering often wears,
By simple arts the weary hours to wile,
Banish distrust, and win from pain a smile.

Such was our Violet ; where e'er she went,
Her gentle qualities won trust and love ;
Ever on kindly offices intent,
Still looking to that heritage above,
Where death and weeping shall forever cease,
Lost in the fullness of eternal peace.

H. S.

HER gifts were manifold—large powers of mind.
By steady training, highest purpose taught ;
In the wide field of intellect she wrought
Ripe sheaves of varied love to reap and bind,
Of scientific truth rich harvest find.
But while she thus the amplest culture sought,
She valued *knowledge* as the *food* of thought,
To thought its due supremacy assigned.
Thus with her intellect her spirit grew,
And, heavenward seeking, chose the better part
Of those who learn in Christ the joy of faith,
In His sustaining grace their wills renew.
Love ruled her action as it filled her heart,
Hope, strong in weakness, triumphed over death.

EDGEWOOD, *August, 1878.*

TO MISS MARY ANNA LONGSTRETH,

On her retirement from the school over which she presided nearly half a century.

To few, however earnest their intent,
Heaven grants the boon that it has yielded you,
Through fifty years life's purpose to pursue,
The gentle strength to others freely lent
Winning in answering force its complement.
Minds, that to power of thought and action grew,
Taught by self-conquest evil to subdue,
And hearts, in woman's work and sphere content,
Would now their lasting gratitude express,
And gladly all the debt they owe confess;
Of fragrant memories a chaplet twine,
Amid whose leaves bright hopes celestial shine,
The evening of your days to crown and bless,
Pointing to endless life and love divine.

EDGEWOOD, *July, 1877.*

TO MISS M. A. AND MISS S. LONGSTRETH.

Addressed to them *both*, at the period of Miss Mary Anna's retirement from
er school, which Miss Susan had left earlier, to devote herself to home duties.

DEAR friends, looking back through the vista of years,
In unfading colors the past reappears,
With vivid distinctness recalling the time
When you worked side by side in your vigorous prime,
Each having a character clearly defined,
That to both added strength when in action combined.
We know that Miss Susan would surely refuse
Imperfect or slovenly work to excuse,
While Miss Mary Anna, when she was away,
Our plausible arguments often would sway,
Until she came gravely, with firm, steady hand,
Excitement to curb and entreaty withstand.
Yet, when frequent failure success to attain,
Made study distasteful, since effort seemed vain,
Mary Anna's kind sympathy, earnest and true,
Our self-love would soothe and our courage renew.
Being all of her wide acquisition aware,
If she bade us to hope, we ought not to despair.
It needed no words—when our work was well done,
Miss Susan's kind smile showed approval was won,
And we knew, in a flash, by the curl of her lip,
When some silly, blundering speech was let slip ;

While we learned from you both, a true womanly sense,
That shrank from all meanness of sham or pretense.
And now, looking back to the orderly ways,
And the true love of knowledge we gained in those days,
I perceive how this training to habits of thought
Has, all these long years, in life's discipline wrought,
And am sure many others must feel, as I do,
How much to your care and example is due.
Dear teachers and friends, though in future I fear
That we may not expect to meet frequently *here*,
Faith points us in hope to those mansions of peace
Where all earthly trials and partings shall cease:
The seed planted, watered, in life's rugged field,
There, ripening to harvest, God's increase shall yield—
Blest increase, whose gladness no doubt shall alloy,
Love's work still abounding in fulness of joy!

EDGEWOOD, *July*, 1877.

EASTER.

GLADLY we hail the blessed Easter-tide,
When He who laid aside
All human weakness and all selfish will
God's purpose to fulfill,
Patient endured earth's bitterest hate and scorn,
The purple robe, the mocking crown and thorn.

And worse than these, beyond the direst woe
Our human hearts can know,
Was the mysterious agony of soul
That in its fierce control
Held Him till, in the dread excess of pain,
An angel came His spirit to sustain.

His love supreme, in recklessness of loss,
Upon the shameful cross
He gave Himself, a sacrifice for sin,
True life for man to win ;
In perfect purity fulfilled the law,
And sinless died, the sting of death to draw.

Then rising glorious in triumphant might,
Shed on the world His light :
Celestial truth and faith, with steadfast ray,
Guiding us on our way,

Teach us the cares and ills of earth to brave,
In certain hope of life beyond the grave.

This, this alone sustains the weary heart,
Neryed to endure its part
Of all the ills the Master meekly bore,
Still striving to restore
In man his Maker's image, and make known
God's love to us, in Nature's bounty shown.

We know our weakness, but are not afraid
To trust Him for His aid,
To whom, ourselves as offering we bring,
Our Saviour, Lord, and King;
In deadliest need beside His cross we stand,
Where none can pluck us from His Father's hand.

Through Christ the fatherhood of God we learn,
To Him undoubting turn,
Willing to trust our future to His love,
Till in our home above,
His tender care 'mid darkest clouds we trace,
And view the wondrous workings of His grace.

Written for a friend.

To R. T. W.

From the far-stretching slope of life's descent,
Backward we gaze along its checkered way
To the glad sunshine of youth's joyous day,
When, on heroic aims our minds intent,
To vigorous action all our efforts bent,
No doubt our trust could dim, our hearts dismay ;
While, hovering near us, as we smiling went,
Hope pointed onward, chiding our delay.

Though bright the memory of that time appears,
Yet, dear, we would not for the past exchange
The present, with its cloud of anxious care ;
Taught, by the discipline of sixty years,
From earthly to immortal hopes to range,
We, heavenward striving, lay our treasure there.

EDGEWOOD, *October 3, 1878.*

TO R. T. W.

As from the glowing western sky we turn
And mark, in lengthening shadows round us thrown,
The glory of the sunset radiance shown,
From deep contrasting shade its brightness learn—
So, oft in darkest earthly cloud, we own
The fullness of our FATHER's love made known,
And while our hearts with answering fervor burn,
Faith's bow of promise, through our tears discern—
Of heavenly light and life, assurance gain.
Patient, we follow in the rugged path,
Which, for man's sake, as man the Saviour trod,
Taught, by HIS sufferings, to see in pain
A messenger of mercy, not of wrath,
Leading the chastened spirit home to God!

October 3, 1879.

CHRISTMAS VERSES.

THOUGH life's way lie dim before us,
Casting grief and care away,
Hearken to the angel chorus,
Christ the Lord is born to-day !

Listening to the wondrous story,
Bid each earth-born sorrow cease,
Since the God of highest glory
Sends to men "good-will and peace !"

Lost in reverent adoration,
Kneel beside the manger bed,
Where the Lord of our salvation
Lowly lays His gentle head.

Coming in our human nature
To subdue the human will,
Then, in manhood's perfect stature,
All the law for man fulfill.

O ye weary, heavy laden,
By infirmity oppressed,
Seek in him securest haven,
Find in him untroubled rest !

To R. T. W.

I.

As still we journey onward year by year,
Youth's power of action and endurance fled,
'Tis ours the narrowing path of age to tread,
Where round us rise dark mists of doubt and fear;
Yet, through their gloom, faith shines serenely clear.
Celestial light on life's dim future shed;
In sorest need our Father's voice we hear
And meekly follow where our Lord hath led.
In Him, God's perfect love to man revealed,
Gladly His proffered guidance we embrace,
To Him our all of will and purpose yield,
Till, by our Father's love, our Master's grace,
Our body, spirit, mind renewed and healed,
We in heaven's mansions find our resting-place.

II.

And, since "He giveth His beloved sleep,"
May we, by patient service, win that rest
Which scarce to finite thought may be expressed;
When, shut from outward things in slumber deep,
We live in Christ, while o'er us visions sweep
Of powers by boundless love in action blest,
When seed, in weakness sown, in joy is reaped,
And Christ-like spirits Christ-like forms invest.

This is the lesson taught by every ill
Which for our discipline the Father sends ;
That, turning from the phantoms we pursue,
High hopes of life divine our hearts may fill,
And, selfish aims transformed to nobler ends,
God's love in Christ our being may renew.

October 3, 1882.

HOME AND FAMILY LIFE.

HOUSEHOLD LOVE.

WHEN, in the devious windings of life's way,
We seek some hand to clasp, some voice to bless,
And nerve our courage as we onward press,
Pure household love asserts its heaven-born sway,
Cheering our daily toil with steadfast ray,
Sharing our joy or soothing our distress,
Heart linked to heart in answering tenderness
That, calm in patience, triumphs o'er decay.
Dear are the ties by God Himself ordained ;
The sacred circle of the hearth and home,
The daily needs by tender care supplied,
The clinging hearts by loving trust sustained,
While, still to God, for aid and strength we come,
To life, through death, our faltering steps to guide.

January 23, 1880.

On the face of a curious old palace in Pisa are sculptured fetters, like those worn by Algerine slaves, and the legend

“ALLA GIORNATA.”

(DAILY—DAY BY DAY.)

DAILY, day by day, we labor ;
Daily wake to toil and strife ;
Noblest spirits well may waver
In the rugged course of life ;
Wisely, therefore, watch and pray,
Asking succor day by day.

Yon pale woman, calmly smiling
On earth's pleasures, cares, and pains ;
Heavenly hope her grief beguiling,
Heavenly faith her soul sustains :
Thus serene she takes her way
Ever upward, day by day.

Gentle maiden, fondly cherished
By thy warrior's manly heart,
In stern conflict he hath perished—
Life and death your spirits part :
Let this thought thy grief allay,
Life is ebbing day by day.

Mother, o'er the coffin weeping
Where thy first-born prostrate lies,
Soon God's voice shall wake the sleeping,
Bidding all in Christ arise :
Free from soil of earthly clay
Shall he be at that great day.

Young disciple, sad and weary,
Striving with earth's want and crime,
Though thy path seem dark and dreary,
Sow God's seed, and bide His time ;
On this thought thy spirit stay—
Increase springeth from decay.

Old man, fainting 'neath the pressure,
Of infirmity and grief ;
Patient drain life's bitter measure,
Looking upward for relief ;
Soon thy weary body may
Rest and slumber day by day.

Christian soul ! affrighted, shrinking
From the passions of thy kind,
Thou, like faithless Peter, sinking,
Mayst like him a Saviour find.
Stormiest wills His love can sway,
Guide, sustain thee, day by day.

Child, on whom the world smiles kindly,
Dost thou dread its influence,
Doubting, fearing, wouldst thou blindly
Flee the things of flesh and sense?
In GOD'S STRENGTH life's work essay,
Thou shalt conquer day by day.

May we *daily* thus endeavor
To perform our part below;
May we thus unwearied labor,
Undismayed by mortal woe:
Thus may we our Lord obey,
Living heavenward day by day.

EDGEWOOD, January 23, 1854.

ON A VIOLET

PRESENTED TO THE WRITER FROM THE POMPONIA TOMB, ROME, 1837.

A SIMPLE, wild flower, in my bloom
No brilliant hues my leaves displayed ;
My birthplace was an ancient tomb,
Where Rome's proud nobles erst were laid.

There all alone and silently
My morning hours of life were passed ;
No traveler stooped to gaze on me,
Or marked the perfume round me cast.

At last, to win a lady's smile,
A stranger plucked me from decay,
That with my fragrance I might while
A moment pleasantly away.

'Twas love's first gift, and from that hour
Midst cherished things has been my place ;
Then wonder not a faded flower
She fitting deems this page to grace.

Go search through Flora's wide domain,
The fairest bud the eye can see ;
Its tints, its beauty, all are vain—
I do not fear its rivalry.

NEW ROCHELLE, *September, 1841.*

THE SONG OF THE SNOW-SPIRITS.

WE are sportive little beings,
Through the air we swiftly go,
On the winds' quick-rushing pinions
Lightly wafted to and fro :

Oh, merry little spirits are the spirits of the snow !

Sometimes resting on tall tree-tops
Very cozily we lie,
While the winds that whistle round us
Only sing our lullaby,
For the loud and angry tempests the snow-spirits can defy.

On bare ruins gently lying,
We their outlines faintly trace,
Showing all their fair proportions,
But invested with new grace.
For we hide from prying gazers all destruction has laid waste.

We flit faster than a bird flies
Over forest, hill, and dale,
Till at last we sink to slumber
In some deep and quiet vale,
Where we hear, like distant music, the wild sighing of the gale.

Oft we waltz and dance a polka,
Whirling high or bending low,
Varying ever as our trumpeter,
The strong north wind, doth blow—

For dearly we love frolicking, we spirits of the snow.

And, oft intent on mischief,
We creep, when tired of play,
Into crevices and crannies,
Where naught else could find its way,

And in sheltered attic corners very quietly we stay.

By a "melting mood" o'ertaken,
While thus lazily we dream,
We desert the upper regions,
Flowing downward in a stream—

While the master and the mistress for the maids and buckets
scream.

They may fume and fret and hurry,
We care nothing, for we know
That, however they may treat us,
To the clouds again we'll go,

Floating round in feathery whirlwinds, glad spirits of the snow.

Neither chains nor bolts can bind us,
For so volatile are we
That in thin, transparent vapor
We float off mysteriously—

For Undine-like our nature, full of mockery and glee.

Yes, Undine-like our nature ;
Child, howe'er you watch our flight,
And our beings' various phases,
Ever beautiful and bright,
You will look in vain for human souls and intellectual light.

Ah ! *we* can not love the FATHER,
Who hath placed us here below,
But you have higher destinies,
His glorious works you know ;
Ask him for power to do his will,
And thus your heart shall glow
With joy and gladness never felt by the spirits of the snow.

Written for EMILY.

EDGEWOOD, *January 13, 1853.*

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

AN angel with divinely radiant face
Bent with soft glance above an infant's bed,
Seeming his own pure image there to trace,
As in some streamlet's mirrored surface shed.

"Fair child, resembling me in form and mind,"
At last he gently whispered, "come with me;
Celestial bliss together we will find—
Oh, come, the earth is all unworthy thee!

"There perfect happiness is yet unknown,
The suffering soul in vain its pleasures tries;
The sounds of joy change ever to a moan,
And full enjoyment vents itself in sighs.

"Fear is a guest at every festal scene,
For who can rob the tempest of its power?
And, though to-day prove smiling and serene,
The heaviest clouds may o'er the morrow lower.

"And thou—shall worldly griefs and mortal fears
Shadow thy brow, so calm and pure of hue,
And all the bitterness of wasted tears
Darken those eyes of clear and heavenly blue?

“No ! fly with me this world of sin and strife ;
Come, for thine innocence has won this grace,
That Heaven remits the weary days of life,
And thou mayst seek with me the fields of space.

“Let none within thy father’s dwelling grieve,
No mourning garb obscure thy home on earth,
But all, the hour that seals thy bliss, receive,
Even as they met the moment of thy birth.

“Unclouded, then, be every gentle brow,
Nor any shadow from thy tomb be cast :
When mortals are as pure as thou art now,
Their brightest hour must ever be their last.”

Shaking his wings, with heavenly radiance white,
The angel ceased and upward lightly sped
Toward the mansions of eternal light.

And thou, poor mother—see, thy son is dead !

L. C. P.

IN the long, sunny days of spring,
 Pausing beside our hearth to rest,
A lovely bird, on hovering wing,
 Made for a while its nest.

And as we heard its joyful strain,
 Our hearts grew strong, our spirits glad ;
But when the bird took wing again,
 It left us 'lorn and sad.

With long-drawn breath and straining eye
 The cherished guest we strive to trace,
With spirit-glance would pierce the sky
 And scan the fields of space.

Vain is our quest : by faith alone
 May we that vanished form re-view,
Drink the sweet music of its tone,
 Our fleeting bliss renew !

Nor would we yield the tender pain,
 The shade by gentle memories cast,
Assured that we shall meet again
 When time and grief are past.

Thus faith and hope our hearts sustain ;
Strong in the love transcending loss,
We hear on high the joyful strain,
“Crowned, though I bore no cross !”

EDGEWOOD, *September, 1873.*

When Miss Dix said she would twine some white amaranths into a *cross* to lay beside her, her mother replied : “Oh, no, *not a cross—a crown* ; she never in her little life bore a cross, yet *now she is crowned* !”

RENDERING OF A VERSE BY UHLAND.

SCARCE marked its track—it came—it went,
A fleeting guest to earth-land sent!
Whence, whither? All we understand,
Out of God's hand—*into* God's hand.

L. C. P.

BORN, MAY, 1872—DIED, AUGUST, 1873.

A CHERUB strayed from paradise ;
Taking the downward path to earth
It came, and to our dazzled eyes
Seemed a fair child of mortal birth.

It sang of hope, it sang of joy ;
But here not long allowed to roam,
Ere grief could touch or care annoy,
Gently an angel called it home—

Home to its happy, native sphere,
To swell the cherub choir on high,
Where “perfect love hath cast out fear,”
And none can suffer, none can die.

While, thus bereft, we weep and pray,
Patient we strive to bear our loss ;
At Jesus’ feet submissive stay,
Safe in the shadow of the cross.

The all-wise Father doth not grieve
His children’s hearts with needless ill ;
So, in our sorrow, we believe,
Though smitten, love and trust Him still.

Saviour and Lord, we ask thine aid !
Weary, grief-laden, seek thy breast ;
Thy strength, in weakness perfect made,
Shall give our troubled spirits rest.

Nerve us to labor here below ;
Sowing in faith of such increase
As God will give, content to know
We sow in tears, to reap in peace !

EDGEWOOD, *September, 1873.*

She was lying apparently asleep, when suddenly she opened her eyes, her face lighted with wonderful joy, and, stretching out her little arms, her gaze seemed to follow some object in the air above her. The old nurse said then, "She will surely die now—she has seen an angel !"

THE SHADOW OF THE UNSEEN.

“CHILD, midst sheltered woodlands straying,
Summer breezes round thee playing,
Wherefore dost thou pause and sigh,
Wherefore glance from earth to sky?

Joys for thee abounding,
Flowers thy path surrounding,
In the sunshine bright and clear,
Canst thou find a cause for fear?”

“’Twas not fear that made me pause,
’Twas not grief that made me sigh ;
Stranger, wouldst thou know the cause ?
Scarcely can I tell thee why,

But a shadow dim and vast
O’er my spirit swiftly passed ;
Yet I upward raised mine eyes,
And no cloud obscured the skies.”

“Maiden, life before thee smiling,
Hope and love thy way beguiling,
Rich in beauty, youth, and grace,
Why that cloud upon thy face?

All around shows brightly,
Nothing to affright thee ;
Wherefore, then, existence measure ?—
Here is naught to mar thy pleasure.”

“ Yes, the world lies fair before me,
Yet the shadows which passed o’er me
On my heart an instant fell,
Like a dark, mysterious spell :

 ’Twas a strange, fantastic whim—
 Life grew distant, bleak, and dim,
And I stood self-poised in space ;
But ’tis gone without a trace,
Like the shadow from my face.”

“ Youth, bright dreams thy future lighting,
Glad success thy toil requiting,
Thine to conquer deathless fame,
Win thyself a poet’s name,
 And scepterless to reign
 O’er the mind’s grand domain—
With such hope of high renown,
Wherefore is thy glance cast down ? ”

“ Intent to charm and rule mankind
By subtle mastery of mind,
Earnest, unwearied, I have wrought,
Reaping the countless fields of thought,
 Winning without measure
 Intellectual treasure ;
Till a weird shadow crossed my brain,
And all my efforts would attain
Grew empty, valueless, and vain.”

“Mighty king, thy sway extending,
Fancy’s wildest dream transcending,
Only mayst thou soon deplore
Nothing left to conquer more—

Can aught disturb thy soul,
Spurning at thy control,
And a shadow ’neath thy crown
On thy future darkly frown?”

“Aye, my wisdom, power, and glory,
Long shall live in song and story;
Soaring high on steady pinion
To the summit of dominion,
Thence I gazed with calm delight
On the greatness of my might;
When a shadow vague and cold,
Cheerless as a starless night,
O’er life’s glittering pageant rolled.”

“Startled mortals, would you know
What spell hath moved your spirits so?
’Twas no cloud upon the sky,
But, reflected from on high,
Images that darkly roll
O’er the mirror of the soul,
When on earth and earthly things
The *Unseen* its shadow flings.”

THE LIGHT OF THE UNSEEN.

CHILDLESS mother, sadly keeping
Watch beside thy lost one's bier,
Canst thou smile amid thy weeping,
Faith arrest the falling tear?
In the light of happier spheres,
Lo! an angel child appears;
Upward still his glad flight winging,
Listen to his seraph voice,
'Mid celestial anthems singing—
"Mother, in my joy rejoice."

Thou art desolate, fair maiden,
Shipwrecked on life's treacherous sea;
With young love thy bark deep laden,
Death hath torn thy love from thee.
Pale, yet calm, thou standest now,
Heavenly light upon thy brow,
Meek hands folded on thy heart,
Resignation's perfect rest;
And a soul from earth apart
In thine upward glance expressed.

Lonely widow, faint and weary,
Left forlorn, infirm, and old,
What on earth shall soothe or cheer thee,
Who thy failing steps uphold?

Yet thy steadfast, heavenward gaze
Naught of doubt or fear betrays :
God himself thy consolation,
 Though life's dearest ties be riven,
Faithful found 'mid tribulation,
 Heavenly hope to thee is given.

Thus to suffering souls that languish
 In the bonds of mortal grief,
In the depths of bitterest anguish
 Resignation brings relief ;
For the heaviest human sorrow
May from faith some sunshine borrow ;
And "the light of the Unseen"
 Shines upon pain's rugged way,
Guiding with its ray serene
 To those mansions of the blest,
Where all tears are wiped away,
 And the weary are at rest.

August, 1854.

SHOOTING-STARS.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM "L'ÉTOILE QUI FILE" OF BÉRANGER.

"SHEPHERD, 'tis said each mortal has his star,
Which rules his fate and brightly shines afar!"
"Child, it is true, although the veil of night
Conceals its radiance from our earth-dimmed sight."
"Shepherd, 'tis thought thy contemplative eye
Can read with ease the secrets of the sky :
What is yon orb, which from the upper spheres
Shoots, glancing, gleaming down? It falls and disappears!"

"Child, at the moment when a mortal dies,
His star, with trembling ray shoots from the skies.
This man was stricken midst the joys of earth ;
Midst boon companions, full of wine and mirth,
He sang, drank, jested, wild with careless glee ;
Death stretched his limbs in immobility.
No tears are shed, his memory none reveres—
Another star shoots, gleams, and slowly disappears.

"My child, how lovely was its transient light,
Fair as the maiden who expires to-night ;
She, pure and loving, with tried constancy,
In a few hours a happy bride should be ;

Flowers, sweet bridal flowers, crown her brow,
The altar waits the tender nuptial vow ;
Vain are her lover's prayers, her mother's tears—
Behold ! another star shoots, gleams, and disappears.

“ 'Tis a great lord's—an infant newly born,
Purple and gold his cradle-bed adorn ;
Yet it is empty, for his soul, too pure
The poisonous food of flattery to endure,
Has fled the falsehood he was doomed to hear.
And freely breathes in heaven's glad atmosphere,
Far from earth's grandeur, sorrows, hopes, and fears—
But see ! another star shoots, falls, and disappears.

“ My child, its sinister and lurid ray
Marks the conclusion of a favorite's sway.
He deemed himself a statesman, self-beguiled,
And at a nation's misery blandly smiled ;
The crowd who served this deity of clay
Conceal his portrait from the light of day ;
No generous, kindly deed his name endears—
Behold ! a glorious star shoots, gleams, and disappears !

“ Tears, bitter tears, my child, we all must shed :
A rich but truly Christian man is dead.
His hospitable board with plenty heaped,
Want elsewhere *gleaned*, but here a harvest reaped.

Melted beneath its soft and genial ray,
To hardest hearts his pity found its way,
To-night their sighs fall on unheeding ears—
But lo! another star shoots, falls, and disappears.

“Child, with its ray a mighty king expires,
Death ends at once his conquests and desires:
Learn thus, what the immortal soul is worth,
When weighed against the paltry toys of earth;
Strive for an earnest heart, an upright mind,
Serve well thy God, thy country, and mankind;
So shalt thou find a home above the spheres,
When thy star shooting falls and gleaming disappears.”

EDGEWOOD, *April 12, 1852.*

TO THE BLUEBIRD.

Respecting the houses now standing unoccupied in the garden.

PRETTY bird, so brightly blue,
With red, ruby-tinted breast,
We have kept a house for you—
In it make your little nest!

Cottages are here to let,
You may chose whiche'er you will,
And I'm sure you'll not forget
Due attention to your *bill*!

Claims of *two* there are to meet,
Differing much from one another;
One its *notes* must off repeat
To make payment of the other!

Come, your little mansion view!
Out of reach of harm suspended;
Hop around! 'Tis almost new—
Use and beauty here are blended.

And, if you conclude to stay,
We will plant sweet vines below,
From the sun's too ardent ray,
Graceful, cooling shade to throw.

When you feel life's heaviest care
In a rising family,
We have many crumbs to spare,
Which for you shall scattered be.

Come, then, at our earnest call,
For, on mutual pleasure bent,
Homes we offer to you all—
Cottages are here to rent!

Written for F. P., Jr.

EDGEWOOD, *March 18, 1853.*

THE FAIRIES OF THE TAPPANZEE.

On! say not in this land of ours
The fairies never twine their bowers,
Nor dance their festal round;
Even near the busy haunts of men,
In every green and sheltered glen,
Their magic rings are found.

They shun the bustling scenes of life,
The sounds of passion and of strife,
But still they love our race;
And, midst the trembling forest-leaves,
Their forms the poet's eye perceives,
Their footsteps oft can trace.

Where the broad Hudson pours its tide,
And murmuring high its waters glide
Toward the distant sea,
I know a wild, sequestered dell,
Where much the fairies love to dwell,
Beside the Tappanzee.

The broad and glaring light of day
Steals midst the trees with softened ray,
 Gilding the little stream,
That, ever bounding on its way,
Falls in a shower of rainbow spray,
 Refracting every beam.

Soothed by its music soft and clear,
A poet chanced to linger here,
 Beneath the cooling shade ;
While his rapt spirit wandered free,
Through the far realms of minstrelsy
 Before him wide displayed.

Absorbed in reveries sublime,
Unheeding of the place or time,
 The daylight passed away ;
Twilight stole on with noiseless tread,
And o'er the earth in silence spread
 Her sober mantle gray.

The young moon now with silver bow
Illumed the placid wave below,
 And in her mystic light,
Beneath the widely branching trees,
A thousand tiny sprites he sees
 With magic radiance bright.

Some wore gay robes of rainbow dye,
Caught from the glowing western sky,
 When the departing sun,
As from the world his face he shrouds,
Leaves, in a host of gorgeous clouds,
 His evening benison.

Others assumed some floweret's hue,
The periwinkle's tints of blue,
 Or blushing rose-bud's bloom ;
Some shone in tissues bright and rare,
From the moth's plumage wrought with care,
 In tiny fairy loom.

Amid this joyous, glittering throng,
One moved with majesty along,
 In virgin white arrayed ;
Of the light mist, that early dawn
Flings round the blushing face of morn,
 Her snowy robes were made.

Upon her lovely brow was set
A radiant, starry coronet,
 By elfin workmen wrought ;
Who in the emerald's crystal cell,
By mystic art and powerful spell,
 The moon's soft beams had caught.

Imprisoned there, each silvery ray
With mellowed luster seemed to play,
 Tinged with a shade of green ;
And by her simple gown of white,
And by that diadem of light,
 He knew the Fairy Queen.

They came with guiltless mirth elate,
And more than mortal pomp and state,
 To hold their evening court ;
Their hearts from human failings free,
From carking care and jealousy,
 And harsh, ungenerous thought.

And now, with many a gentle rite,
They banished each unkindly blight,
 And purified the air ;
And as the softly murmuring breeze
Sighed through the branches of the trees,
 It seemed to own their care.

Scarce had they ceased, when, poised on high,
Appeared a glistening fire-fly,
 With twinkling, starlike flame,
Guided by whose erratic light,
A delicate and graceful sprite,
 On moth-steed, swiftly came.

From lip to lip her welcome passed :
“ Ha ! Pluma, hast thou come at last,
And is thine errand done ? ”
Joyously springing to the ground,
“ Lady,” she cried, “ the bird is found—
My pardon fairly won ! ”

With drooped head, lowly kneeling there,
Yet through her contrite, suppliant air
A ray of archness gleamed.
Answered the queen, “ For trust betrayed,
Pluma, by due atonement made,
I own thy fault redeemed.”

Smiling she raised the penitent :
“ Howe’er, henceforth, on pleasure bent,
Of wilfulness beware.
And now, my fairies, to your play,
Till morning bids you haste away,
Each to your daily care.”

Entranced, the poet lingered near,
While these clear accents on his ear
In silvery music fell.
Gentle emotions filled his breast,
Wrapped in an atmosphere of rest,
As by some potent spell.

Now, as the mirthful, giddy crew
Prepared their revel to pursue,
 They chanced his form to spy.
At once they fled on every side,
Seeking some spot where they might hide
 From his intrusive eye.

Yet are we fain the truth to tell,
That even fairies' hearts will swell
 With curiosity ;
So, peeping forth, their heads were seen,
Beneath the leaves of polished green,
 From each surrounding tree.

Their queen alone, with air serene,
And quiet majesty of mien,
 Stood, calmly waiting, there ;
The bard bowed low before her throne,
And in a suppliant's humble tone
 Proffered his lowly prayer.

He told her how he chanced to be
A witness of their revelry,
 And sued to her for grace ;
And she, who had the power to scan
The heart and secret thoughts of man,
 In his no guile could trace.

“Mortal,” she said, “in thee I find
Genius with purity combined ;
This, therefore, my behest—
Ask whatsoe’er thou wilt, this hour,
Within the limits of my power
I grant thee thy request.”

The poet prayed she would ordain
That some one of her courtly train
Their story should rehearse ;
And that she would henceforth inspire
His harp with true poetic fire,
And elevate his verse.

At her command a flowery seat,
Such as for favored guests was meet,
The attendant fairies spread ;
And then, a happy, child-like throng,
With sportive dance and laugh and song,
Thither the bard they led.

On a soft bank, with moss o’ergrown,
And fragrant leaves and blossoms strown ;
They bade him take his place ;
And Pluma, now gravely sedate ;
Prepared all sagely to relate
The story of her race :

“ Coeval with the birth of man,
With his existence ours began,
But all unlike our fate ;
For, while in him bad passions burned,
And from the path of life he turned,
We kept our first estate.

“ Cursed for his sake, the fertile plain
No longer waved with yellow grain,
The earth unyielding grew ;
And peace and innocence, too pure
His guilt and misery to endure,
To happier climes withdrew.

“ Yet, from those realms of endless bliss,
They come, winged visitants to this,
To cheer him on his way ;
With gentle sufferers still they dwell,
And pain and sadness oft dispel
With faith's celestial ray.

“ But while man tilled the barren soil,
And ate with tears the bread of toil,
We had our task assigned :
Still on his footsteps to attend,
To holier thoughts his spirit bend,
And elevate his mind.

“ For this each pleasant tree and flower
We tend in sunshine and in shower,
 With zealous, watchful love ;
That, seeing Nature’s face so fair,
He may be led from worldly care,
 And lift his thoughts above.

“ Long since, within this quiet shade,
Our peaceful, happy home we made,
 And loved each sheltering tree ;
While naught upon the silence broke,
Save the mill-wheel’s re-echoing stroke,
 Or rustic minstrelsy.

“ Ours was a gentle, tranquil lot,
And years flew by in this calm spot,
 While still it grew more dear ;
But clouds at length our sky o’ercast,
The land to a new owner passed,
 Who sent rude workmen here.

“ Then soon we heard the axe resound,
And noble trees were felled around,
 With careless laugh and jest ;
The birds, affrighted, ceased to sing,
And silent sat, with drooping wing,
 Near each devoted nest.

“ We could not stay to see destroyed
The bowers long cherished and enjoyed,
 So sadly forth we hied ;
Yet cared we not afar to roam,
But made awhile our sheltered home
 Where Croton’s waters glide.

“ There, when our first deep grief was spent,
We found employment and content
 In that sequestered place ;
For, though no grandeur marked the scene,
Yet Nature smiling and serene
 Diffused a tranquil grace.

“ Calmly the river flowed along,
As though its own low-murmured song
 Had soothed its waves to rest ;
While the tall trees that o’er it hung,
And wide their sheltering branches flung,
 Were mirrored on its breast.

“ There might you trace the light and shade
That o’er the changing landscape played,
 The insects flitting by ;
Each varying hue of sky or earth
Seemed there to find a second birth,
 Mocking the gazer’s eye.

“ And dwelling there, we learned at last
With calmness to review the past,
 Regretting it no more ;
Till man, whose still extending sway
The conquered elements obey,
 Sought even that quiet shore.

“ Why should I linger now to tell
How sorrow bade our bosoms swell,
 Our eyes with tears o’erflow ?
That night our sovereign held her court—
No more a scene of joyous sport,
 But of despairing woe.

“ Silent we sat, o’erwhelmed with grief,
Seeing no prospect of relief,
 No chance of future weal ;
Till with brave words, though sinking heart,
The queen strove kindly to impart
 Hope that she could not feel.

“ ‘ Haste thee, my Pluma, haste,’ she cried,
‘ Speed through the forest far and wide,
 And seek some leafy dell,
Where, free from man’s intrusive gaze,
We may our bowers in safety raise,
 And there securely dwell.’ ”

“ Prompt all her mandates to obey,
Onward I took my airy way
 Upon a swift-winged moth,
Till, warned by morning’s rosy light,
I checked awhile my rapid flight,
Waiting the friendly shade of night
 Again to wander forth.

“ I came prepared for many a change,
These well-remembered haunts to range,
 Our happier hours recall ;
Then, breathing forth a last adieu,
My mournful journey to renew
 At dewy even-fall.

“ Judge of my wonder when I found,
Unharm’d and green our fairy ground,
 Within our favorite glade !
And while amazed I wandered near,
A sweet voice caught my listening ear,
 Re-echoing through the shade.

“ Beside the gayly bounding brook,
With quiet, meditative look
 A gentle maid reclined,
Around whose lovely form and face
Lingered a native child-like grace,
 With dignity combined.

“ Pleasant to us the opening year,
When, freshly robed, the flowers appear
 In moorland and in dell :
From every grove rich music floats ;
The wild bird’s clear and liquid notes,
Poured from a thousand tuneful throats,
 In joyous concert swell.

“ And sweet at evening to inhale
The summer’s soft and balmy gale,
 As through the woods it sighs,
Stealing about from place to place,
With murmuring tones and false embrace ;
On every floweret’s drooping face
 Stand dew-drops as it flies.

“ But most we love at morn to lie,
Watching the glorious autumn sky,
 In purple splendor shine ;
When Nature, sovereign yet, indues
Her sylvan realm with gorgeous hues,
 Bright heralds of decline.

“ While glorious in their dying throe,
With rainbow tints the forest glow,
 Refulgent in decay ;
And in these hues so richly bright,
This glory of autumnal light,
 Their life is breathed away.

“ As from the aged Phœnix pyre,
Born of the fragrant, sunlit fire,
The young bird spreads its wing,
So, verging to its wintry doom,
The radiant forest decks its tomb,
Thence with new life to spring.

“ Yet still more wonderful and fair,
When Nature stamps her image there,
Is girlhood’s blushing morn—
The generous soul, the tender heart,
That would to all its joy impart,
An Eden might adorn.

“ For such the woodlands we forsake,
And near their hearths our dwellings make,
A countless guardian throng;
While near we plant each fragrant flower,
Enduing them with magic power
To shield from harm and wrong.

“ My errand done, my wanderings o’er,
I took the homeward path once more,
My story to relate—
Smiling to paint the glad surprise
That soon would light my sisters’ eyes,
Their drooping hearts elate.

“ Sad was the scene my view that met,
A scene I never can forget
While Memory holds her throne ;
Where the white ghost-flower raised its head
And round its pallid branches spread,
The fay-queen sat alone.

“ Doffed was her crown ; her hair, unbound,
In tangled masses swept the ground,
Veiling her grief-worn face ;
But in her bosom’s heaving throb,
And each suppressed, convulsive sob,
Her sorrow I could trace.

“ Anxious to change her woful mood,
Dismounting, by her side I stood
And gently called her name.
Quickly she turned, with air dismayed,
Of some new threatened ill afraid,
Demanding whence I came.

“ My joyful tale I quickly told,
That to the bowers beloved of old
We might again repair ;
Since maiden purity and grace
Shed their soft influence round the place,
And claimed our tenderest care.

“She bade the beetle sound his call,
To summon wide the fairies all ;
 The gladdening news to hear ;
And soon they came, in sad array,
Wrought from rough web of spider gray,
 Or winter’s foliage sere.

“O’er us past grief no shadow casts ;
Remembered only while it lasts,
 With smiles our tears are dried ;
At once their sorrow changed to glee,
And elfin mirth and minstrelsy
 Rang forth on every side.

“Where those tall hills their station keep,
Like giant warders lulled to sleep,
 The lady moon looked down,
Shedding her radiance on the tide
That, awed and breathless, seemed to glide
 With greater swiftness on.

“’Twas at that hour we came once more
To dwell upon this cherished shore,
 The checkered past forgot ;
Then gazing on this lovely view,
We said, joy bursting forth anew,
 ‘Earth holds no lovelier spot!’

“When morning brought the gentle maid,
To read in that sequestered glade,
From noontide heat secure,
My sisters, smiling, owned her then
The loveliest floweret of the glen,
A creature fair and pure.

“’Twas soon arranged that at her side
A fairy-train should aye abide
And on her steps attend ;
Unseen, but felt, an airy charm
To shield her from all outward harm,
From moral taint defend.

“The flower-sprites hastened to her bower,
To watch with care each drooping flower,
And bid it freshly blow ;
Or seize its tints before they fled,
On opening buds their radiance shed,
With fuller life to glow ;

“While others trained the clustering vine,
Around her casement taught to twine,
From curious gaze to shield ;
And bursting from each emerald cell,
Sprang forth bright flowers, where they might dwell
From human eyes concealed.

“ Her little bird, who all day long
Reveled in joyous, liquid song,
 Became my special care ;
I blush to tell that yesternight,
Chasing a glorious phantom light
 To fields of upper air—

“ There the weird music of the spheres
With silvery cadence filled mine ears,
 And in its magic sway
My senses rapt—I lingered, bound,
And late—too late—returning, found
 My charge had flown away.

“ By chance its cage was left unclosed,
To deadliest peril thus exposed,
 In guise of liberty ;
So, lured toward the dawning light,
Upward it soared with giddy flight,
 In careless, songful glee.

“ Now, deeply stung by shame and pain,
I vowed the truant to regain,
 And sought it far and wide ;
Till threatening clouds began to lower,
And, shivering in a woodland bower,
 The wanderer I espied.

“ The rest you know. My tale is done—
And see, glad herald of the sun,
The gently blushing morn ! ”
The poet gazed upon the sky,
And when he turned his raptured eye,
The fairies all were gone.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 31, 1842.*

TO E. W. G.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

EIGHTEEN years have swiftly sped,
Infancy and childhood fled ;
Enter now life's opening gate,
Strong in faith to conquer fate ;
In each varying thought or mood,
True to noblest womanhood,
On her heavenly mission bent,
Earnest heart and will intent ;
Midst the pleasant things of earth,
Joyous in glad hours of mirth,
Seeking rest in grief or loss,
'Neath the shadow of the cross.
In life's checkered, devious way,
Love thy watchwood and thy stay,
While thy lot is cast below,
Faithful found in weal or woe ;
Till, earth's joys and sorrows past,
Heaven's bright goal is won at last.

NEW YORK, *March 17, 1877.*

FOR E. W. G.

(WITH SOME ROSES.)

MAIDEN dear, accept my posies,
Let them shine amid your hair,
Youth's the time of joys and roses,
Time of all things sweet and fair.

Yet its festive hours are fleeting,
Joys and roses take their flight ;
From our eager grasp retreating,
Soon they vanish from our sight.

Standing at life's opening portal,
May you choose the better part !
Seeking flowers and joys immortal
With an earnest, steadfast heart—

Listening to the call of Duty,
Prompt her guidance to obey,
Though from paths of ease and beauty
She may bid you turn away.

If, while youth's bright May enjoying,
Still your powers aright you give,
Others' needs your thoughts employing,
In unselfish action live—

On God's tender care relying,
Joys may vanish, roses fade:
His unfailing Love supplying
Strength, in weakness perfect made.

To H. J. G.,

ON HER TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.

THE people kept with noisy acclamation
The great Centennial birthday of the nation,
Dividing all the honors of the day—
Pop-guns and orators disputed sway;
But when exhausted human lungs sought rest,
Pop-guns and rockets still were at their best.
All this reminded me that yet unpenned
Remained the verses which I wished to send
In time, dear child, your twelfth birthday to meet,
And, with good words, the coming era greet,
When infancy grave faults no longer screens,
And you emerge a maiden in your teens.
So my Pegasus I sought everywhere,
Till, near a stately castle in the air,
In a tall grove of visionary trees
I found the old steed lying at his ease.
He, who was once so full of fiery force,
Eager, impatient for an airy course,
Now, changing sadly with the lapse of years,
With drooping wings and spirit oft appears,
Yet, in the memory of those early days,
I'm very patient with his altered ways.

Now when I went to him and bade him rise,
He looked at me with such beseeching eyes
That on his neck the rein I gently laid,
And left him in the hazy magic shade,
Lulled by the ever-rippling flow of soul,
To dream of daring flight and starry goal,
While I sank slowly back to earth again,
And laid the cudgel to my lazy brain,
Till roused to life, the rapid stream of thought
In cadenced word at last an outlet sought.

Child, before youth's threshold playing,
There with careless step delaying,
Listen to the truths I sing ;
Infancy left now behind you,
May no willful folly bind you,
Bind or clip your spirit's wing !

Life is real to those who live it,
Who firm will and purpose give it,
Strong its conflict to maintain ;
Those who passion's rule subduing,
Love and purity renewing,
O'er themselves, true sovereigns, reign.

Envy not man's power of action,
Finding higher satisfaction

In the spirit's finer might ;
Striving still in each relation
Worthily to find your station,
Still upholding truth and right.

On the page of heathen story,
Ponder great Minerva's glory,
Force of mind in her portrayed ;
From Jove's brain, majestic springing,
Wisdom into action bringing,
Gods and men alike she swayed.

Seek true Wisdom, then, to guide you,
And, whatever may betide you,
Follow where her counsels lead ;
Love celestial hovering o'er you,
Joyful Hope shall go before you,
To sustain you at your need.

Then, if gentle Christian graces
In your spirit find their places,
Naught your steadfast heart shall move ;
With the train of saints and sages,
Banded through progressive ages
In the heavenly host of love.

THE TALE OF AN UNFORTUNATE SPANIEL.

SIR CARLO, born of royal race,
His azure blood could clearly trace
To ancestors whose pedigree
From base plebeian taint was free!
It was when Monk hoodwinked the nation,
Causing the Stuart restoration,
Attendant on the king and court,
His sires were first to England brought,
Their glossy hair and courteous ways
Attracting unaffected praise;
And when, at length, they hither came,
They kept the merry monarch's name,
The inmates still of ladies' bowers
And playthings of their idle hours.
Our Carlo, mindful of his station,
Won universal approbation;
Attentive, grave, when others spoke,
Yet quick to understand a joke,
A native wag, as all might know
Who saw his tail move to and fro.
"A lucky dog" he seemed to be,
From mortal cares and crosses free,
But, sooner far than he intended,
His life of ease and pleasure ended.

'Twas in the sultry summer season,
When Carlo, with apparent reason,
Would to the field of maize repair,
Seeking a quiet refuge there
Where corn-stalks greenly, thickly grew,
And sheltered him from public view.
Musing in that sequestered place,
He lived o'er many a youthful chase,
Deluded by old force of habit,
Dreamed that he coursed or hare or rabbit.
One sultry noon while thus he lay,
A flock of turkeys came that way,
And, running through the long corn-rows,
Aroused our hero from repose.
Divining what they meant to do,
His indignation swiftly grew,
Resolved to drive them off again
Nor let them steal his master's grain,
And, if he caught them in the fact,
Prepared as "garde champêtre" to act.
A plump hen-turkey he addressed
And in sharp tones his views expressed;
Yet, used to hearing Carlo's bark,
She thought it nothing but a lark
And slowly raised her slender head
That blushed a radiant, glowing red.
But when, at last, she understood
His wrathful and defiant mood,

She cried, "I will not go away,"
While he replied, "You shall not stay!"
He in deep tones, she sharp and shrill,
They argued and debated still,
He ending with a stern bow-wow,
"You shall not touch this corn, I vow!"
For Carlo's watchful eye perceives
This feathered band of "forty thieves,"
Pretending but to search all round
Where slugs and grasshoppers abound,
Have pushed their bills, within the silk,
To the corn-kernels' luscious milk.
Rebuke and threat he multiplies,
Sneer and remonstrance vainly tries,
They seem to move her not a jot,
Though *she* grows *red* as he grows *hot*.
"Dame Gobbler, it is past belief
You should turn out a common thief!"
But, "Gobble, gobble!" is her answer,
"I mean to stay here while I can, sir!"
"Be off! be off!" he fiercely cries,
And "Gobble, gobble," she replies.
"You'll drive me, dame, to have recourse
At last," he growls, "to canine force";
So, seized Dame Turkey by the neck
Until she ceased to flap and peck,
And, when he then relaxed his hold,
Dead still she lay, though not dead cold!

Carlo a moment viewed his foe,
With tail drawn in and ears drooped low ;
But soon shook off this contrite mood,
And, finding turkey-juice was good,
Again the dear-bought luxury tasted,
Then lapped, to save its being wasted ;
Yet, doubtful whether he might be
Found guilty in the first degree,
Of aggravated turkey-cide,
If for her slaughter he were tried,
Question and consequence to save,
Dug, where she lay, a simple grave.
Had the thing ended in this fashion,
We might excuse the heat of passion ;
But, the next day he went again
To watch the menaced field of grain !
The turkey-flock grew daily less,
Yet none the reason why could guess,
Or thought of Carlo, though the latter,
As turkeys vanished, still grew fatter.
At length when harvest-time arrived,
Of the whole bevy, *none* survived.
Now, as the reapers cut the grain,
They paused, amazed, to look again ;
For, as they laid the corn-stalks low,
They chanced upon a curious row,
On which no ears of grain they saw,
Each ending in a turkey-claw !

For, as each biped met its doom,
Carlo the body would entomb ;
Its legs stuck up to tell the story,
And serve as a *memento mori*,
Proclaiming to the passer-by,
“ Here, one of forty five, I lie,
Cut off from the delights of time
Before I reached autumnal prime,
And thus debarred the social end
To which the lives of turkeys tend ! ”
Our hero, thus in treason caught,
Before a special sessions brought,
By piteous show of deep repentance
Escaped the law’s extremest sentence ;
Since “ fellow-feeling makes us kind,”
Perhaps his judges bore in mind,
While Carlo’s *treacheries* they must blame,
Their *tastes* were very much the *same*.
If *man* preferred his turkey dressed,
The dog “ *au naturel* ” liked them best ;
Yet, hopeless of his reformation,
Resolved to guard him from temptation,
The court its speedy sentence gave,
That, unborn turkey-broods to save,
He must, thenceforth, in exile dwell
Where the salt billows roll and swell.
Thus, by his early friends discarded,
His penitence with doubt regarded,

He learned, though turkeys tasted nice,
He paid for them too high a price—
A roving sea-dog, doomed to motion
Upon the heaving, pathless ocean.

Written for H. J. G.

EDGEWOOD, *August 21, 1875.*

To F. P. D.

(ON HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY.)

FEBRUARY 2, 1880.

I GREET with loving wishes, dear,
The opening of your thirteenth year ;
May work and health and glad success
Your earnest efforts crown and bless !
Now, entering boyhood's wide domain,
Strive, first, self-conquest to attain,
For self-love barbs with sharpest stings
Disputes about the pettiest things,
Urging to angry mood and thought
By which unworthy deeds are wrought.
Seek knowledge of each various kind,
With modest self-respect combined,
Assured that they who most advance,
Most keenly feel their ignorance.
With patient labor day by day
Through Reason's realm pursue your way,
Learning to view with reverent awe
The wonders of Creative Law !
If to God's guiding love you yield,
That love will prove your strength and shield ;

Upon its might your weakness stayed,
Your needs supplied, your burdens laid,
Faith, o'er life's way, shall steadfast shine,
And lead you on to Truth Divine !
Thus taught the Master's voice to know,
And in His steps content to go,
Sorrow and death and sin subdued,
Your spirit, by His grace renewed,
Shall rise from loving service here
To serve Him in a higher sphere !

ALL the lambs of Jesus' fold
Must his law of love uphold,
So shall He, from day to day,
Lead them onward in His way.
Though the path be rough and long,
In His strength shall they be strong—
Strong to meet the ills of life,
Striving still to conquer strife,
Strong His footsteps to pursue,
Sin and ignorance subdue ;
O'er the darkest road they tread,
Hope shall joyful radiance shed,
Loving deeds around them spring
In celestial blossoming.
When the waves of earthly woe
O'er their spirits darkly flow,
Sweet 'twill be to lean and rest
On the Saviour's gentle breast ;
From the storm of grief and care
Seek a sheltering refuge there—
Anchored safe, when time shall cease,
In the haven of God's peace.

EDGEWOOD, *October 29, 1876.* |

DUTY.

STERN is thine aspect, yet it hath to me
That which compelleth reverence, and I see
Such evidence of truth and majesty
In thy calm features and commanding brow,
That loyal service unto thee I vow,
And at thy feet in willing homage bow.

Thou art imperious, granting me no choice
Of time, or even of feeling, when thy voice
Bids me not rest but labor ; yet rejoice
That I am counted worthy of life's toil,
Guided, sustained, amid its wild turmoil,
And strong to cultivate its rugged soil.

Howe'er I may regret, I must obey ;
Submissive to thy counsel and thy sway,
Hopeful, once more I take my onward way :
Elated now, I long perhaps to fly ;
Weary of earth, I seek to soar on high,
On eager pinions strive to reach the sky.

But lo ! thou frownest ; trembling at the sight,
Quick I relinquish my aërial flight
'Midst ever-varying regions of delight,

Turning from every joy bright Fancy brings,
From dreams of worlds, where bliss perennial springs,
To do and think a thousand trivial things.

Trivial, and yet in these the substance lies
Of household comfort, and the home we prize
Is purchased by such petty sacrifice ;
At last night closes o'er the busy day,
And Duty, smiling, intermits her sway—
Then, Fancy's guidance gladly I obey.

Then swiftly pass the shadowy, happy hours
'Midst mountain solitudes or fairy bowers
Where never care intrudes nor tempest lowers.
Sometimes I gaze on Ocean, gently swelling,
Or listen to the sea-nymphs sadly telling
Of his wild rage against man's rule rebelling :

How, tossed upon his heaving, stormy breast,
While mountain-high each billow rears its crest,
The mariner vainly seeks relief or rest ;
Or finds it only in death's still, cold sleep,
Soft pillowed in the bosom of the deep,
While wailing winds above, around him sweep.

Sometimes I wander 'midst the shady aisles
Of Europe's dimly-lighted Gothic piles,
While music's solemn strain mine ear beguiles ;

Or from Rome's ancient castle see the light
Of mimic meteors flash upon the night,
Then slowly fade upon the dazzled sight.

Or, with quick-beating heart and straining eye,
Yon rolling, rushing torrent I espy,
In wild defiance, plunging, leap on high ;
Or seek primeval forest's solemn shade,
Where erst with wary foot the red-man strayed,
Or sped, with fawn-like step, the Indian maid.

All times, all lands lie open to mine eye :
Hither and thither, swift as thought, I fly,
In every realm some new enjoyment try ;
But the calm call of Duty still enchains
My spirit, still my wandering soul restrains,
And o'er my heart its sovereign sway retains.

Duty and Fancy thus divide my life ;
Mine the glad ties of mother, daughter, wife,
I scorn not labor, nor recoil from strife ;
Strife with the world, without me and within,
Prone to temptation, warring against sin,
Each day afresh the contest must begin.

Yet life has pleasures mingled with its pains,
Beauty in art and nature, and the strains
Raised by high hearts, despite the galling chains

Of mortal care and suffering, joyful singing,
Glad hopes, and love divine still upward winging
Their flight, and peace and comfort earthward bringing

And as we leave earth's misty atmosphere,
Duty's stern form transfigured shall appear,
The guardian angel of this nether sphere :
So may we patient follow in her way,
Guided by Faith's serene, unwavering ray,
Lighting us heavenward to Eternal Day.

EDGEWOOD, *February 6, 1854.*

POEMS OF NARRATIVE AND HISTORY.

LADY LUCY AND THE QUEEN.

IN a chamber lighted dimly, by the daylight falling grimly
Between iron bars, whose shadow shows reflected on the floor,
Stands a man whose face expresses the deep grief his will re-
presses,
His hands clasped, his eyes cast upward, Heavenly succor to
implore.

Hark! a heavy step approaching, through arched corridors re-
sounding,
Breaks the sad, monotonous cadence of the sentinel's cease-
less tread ;
Next the quick, unmeasured movement of a child, whose heart is
bounding
With impatient, eager longing, yet submitting to be led.

In a moment a light shadow through the checkered twilight
glances,

And he holds his little daughter tightly clasped in close embrace ;

While, her joy with wonder blended, on his altered brow she
glances,

Reads with vaguely troubled spirit the deep anguish in his face.

Vanquished all his resolution, and his voice is faint and broken,

As he draws her ever nearer, at the thought that they must
part ;

While each infantine endearment, of confiding love a token,

Sends a keener pang of sorrow through the father's aching
heart.

Yet he struggles for composure, one faint chance of life remaining,

Every moment now is precious, of his short remaining span ;
And with strong, stern, inward effort, his lost self-control regaining,

He looks firmly on the future and prepares his course to plan.

He must tell that little trembler of the fate o'er both impending,

Since her aid alone can save him, her small hand avert his
doom ;

Dim his only hope of mercy, that the Queen, his course befriending,

May arrest the law's harsh sentence, snatch its victim from
the tomb.

Soon his little daughter, wondering, breaks his long sad fit of
musing,

Saying: "Home is lonely, father, when you are so long away.
I have no one now to teach me, even my books their charm are
losing,

And I have no interest in my work, no pleasure in my play."

To his knee he gently lifts her, answering quietly and gravely:

"We must trust our heavenly Father. He can soothe the sharpest
pain;

We must ask His help, my darling. *He* can give you strength
to save me.

By His aid and yours, my daughter, I may see our home
again.

"I have erred perhaps in judgment, loyalty is out of season—

I should have paused and pondered ere I rushed into the
strife;

Now, for fealty unshaken, I am branded with high-treason,

And condemned to expiate my firm allegiance with my life.

"Yet for thy dear sake, my darling, I have stooped to a petition,

Which *thou*, Lucy, *only thou*, must carry bravely to the Queen;

For though many friends in secret mourn my perilous position,

Deep their danger were such sympathy by outward token
seen.

“They will take you to the palace, very early in the morning,
They will place you where the Queen must pass on her return
from prayer ;
And yet further, of her coming they will give you timely warn-
ing,
But *you* must present the paper, *all alone* and keeling, there.

“Not a word of those who brought you must you utter, answer-
ing merely
Who you are, and that 'twas by your father's earnest wish you
came ;
But if you dread the trial, if it tax you too severely,
Speak, my child—so young, so gentle, none such natural fear
can blame.”

While he spoke, the child had struggled with her growing agita-
tion,
Shown by her heaving breast, the color varying on her cheek ;
Thus she listened, rapt, attentive, as though it were profanation,
Even to breathe or move or sigh, until her father ceased to
speak.

Then a few deep sobs, expressive of a woe too great for weeping,
Her small hands pressed on her bosom, she strove bravely to
be still ;
And with a voice distinct but low, her father's words repeating,
“We must trust in God, He strengthens those who seek to do
His will.

“ And do not think, dear father, I shall shrink with coward feeling,
Nor believe the Queen can chide me, when I meekly ask your grace ;
And should she be stern and haughty to a child so humbly kneeling,
Still the Lord will help us, father, and will bring you from this place.”

Thus it chanced, the little maiden, in deep, sable suit attired,
To the palace the next morning, by her godmother was brought ;
Pale her cheek, her soft eyes lambent with the light by hope inspired,
Faith and prayer her heart sustaining, gave the courage that she sought.

So she wandered through the gallery, rapt in fervent supplication,
While her eye, scarce heeding, rested on memorials of the past ;
Viewing all the objects round her with vague, dreamy speculation,
Knowing all her earthly hopes upon *one little die* were cast.

Wearily the minutes lingered ; she could count her heart's pulsation
In the strangely chilling silence that diffused itself around ;
And she prayed and watched and waited, sickening with anticipation,
Till a low, approaching murmur made her fainting soul rebound.

"'Tis the Queen—take courage, Lucy!" said a low, kind whisper
near her ;

And she knelt in strange, still patience, Mary's coming to await,
Strengthened by firm self-repression, then her whirling brain
grew clearer,

And she felt that God upheld her at this crisis of her fate.

And the Queen, approaching, started at that child, so fair, so
lovely ;

Asking gently of her errand, why she looked so pale and sad ;
"I seek pardon for my father ; and you, royal Lady, only
Can give ear to my petition, make my troubled spirit glad."

The Queen looked upon the paper, her brow flushed with angry
feeling :

"Who has sent you here to brave me?" she demanded in
stern tone,

"Mercy—mercy!" was the answer, the pale face such woe re-
vealing,

That the Queen at once repented of the harshness she had
shown.

"Child, I have no right to pardon, to annul the court's just sen-
tence ;

For your father in fair trial by his peers was guilty found.
How should I, to shelter treason, fetter the law's independence?—
I, who, in my place as sovereign, to maintain the law am
bound?"

Lucy, mute with fear and horror, understood her words' dread meaning—

Thought, was *this* indeed God's purpose and His answer to her prayer?

Then a flood of woe o'erwhelmed her, stifled sobs her bosom heaving,

Till great tears, in silence falling, came to save her from despair.

Mary, pitying, saw her anguish, gently strove to soothe and cheer her,

Stroked her fair and silken tresses with a kind, caressing hand ;
And, in spite of her denial, the girl still knelt, clinging near her,
Till the wave of grief retreating, she regained her self-command.

Like a lovely, storm-bowed lily, lifting up her head low-bending,
On the exiled monarch's portrait, Mary saw she earnest gazed ;
It was strange, the glittering tear-drops from their lashes still depending,

With a look of puzzled wonder, to the Queen her eyes were raised.

“What thus moves thee, little maiden?” said the lady, kindly smiling,

And her hand smoothed Lucy's ringlets with caressing, gentle touch ;

"I was wondering," the child answered, that soft tone her doubts
beguiling,

"You should wish to kill *my* father, because *he* loved *yours* so
much."

God had given the child's speech wisdom. At the truth, so simply
spoken,

Mary, weeping and heart stricken, felt the contrast thus displayed.

"Go, thy father shall be pardoned!" she gasped forth in accents
broken,

And in fervent, speechless rapture, Lucy thanked God for His
aid.

April 10, 1855.

THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

SEE that fair mother telling to her child
Some wonderful and all-absorbing tale !
Her eye is lighted with a luster mild
And holy ; and her cheek, that wont to be so pale,
Glows with a tint as delicately bright
As erst in early youth it used to wear,
When Hope bathed all things in her own glad light,
Ere she had known or dreamed of sorrow or of care.

Her child sits on a cushion at her feet,
And stirs not, scarcely seems to draw her breath,
But listens, as in accents low and sweet
Her mother tells her how she burst the chains of death.

My sire, for my sake conquering unbelief,
Had gone to seek the Saviour, to implore
His aid, and wild and passionate his grief
To find on his return his darling child no more.

But, with few words, Christ chased away his fears,
And when He saw the mourners loudly weeping,
Calmly He bade them cease and dry their tears :
“ Fear not, the maiden is not dead, but sleeping.”

“Damsel, arise !” He said, in accents bland,
And Death, obedient, released his prey ;
The entranced spirit woke at His command,
The blood flowed through my veins, and life resumed its sway.

I rose, but feebly, for I scarce could stand,
And hardly could my limbs my weight sustain—
Perceiving which, He gently took my hand,
And, at *His* touch, each nerve seemed strung again.

Who can describe the mingled smiles and tears
With which my parents saw me thus revive !
Centered in me life’s tenderest hopes and fears,
Contending joy and awe seemed in their breasts to strive.

They knelt before Messiah, who the while
Had stood benignly gazing on the scene ;
His pensive face illumined by a smile
Like moonlight stealing o’er some lovely lake serene.

Straightly He charged us that the wonder wrought
From all men living we should keep concealed ;
Then turning from us, His own land He sought,
Where still the mighty power of God was unrevealed.

Yet met we once again, upon that day
When our Lord stood in Pilate’s judgment-hall,
When He as man submitted to man’s sway,
And died Himself, to free man from Death’s thrall.

Proud was the Roman governor, and clad
In robes that suited well the pomp of birth ;
The " Man of Sorrows " fettered, pale, and sad,
Stood calm and silent, yet the lord and king of earth.

The man of power quailed beneath His eye,
And vainly to assume indifference tried ;
Scarce to his threats the Saviour deigned reply,
Yet strove he from that hour to turn Christ's fate aside.

He asked the people, " Will ye Barabbas
Or this just man I should to you release ? "
And, as one voice, replied the mighty mass :
" Crucify Jesus ! let Barabbas go in peace."

Then Pilate called for water where he stood—
" Of all the guilt my hands I lave," he cried.
" On us and on our children be his blood ! "
The hardened, God-forsaken, guilty Jews replied !

I saw my Saviour on the tree of death,
When, pale His brow and wet with suffering grew,
Gently He murmured with His parting breath,
" Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ! "

Night fell around, the earth was shook with dread ;
The veil within the Temple rent in twain,
The graves were opened and gave up their dead,
And many saints who slept, rose and appeared again.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! alas !

By thine own crimes thou art indeed brought low ;
Long years of exile must thy children pass,
Before, restored to thee, their tears shall cease to flow.

And now, my child, I leave this sacred theme,
And turn again to mine own history ;
So pause we for a space, as may be seen
The change from a light tale to a deep mystery.

The ills that on the Holy City fell
Of war and pestilence and famine dire,
To endless numbers would my story swell,
Nor seek I now or grief or sadness to inspire.

Long ere Jerusalem fell before her foes,
Kind Heaven in other climes my lot had cast ;
But o'er the dreadful story of her woes
Full oft I've wept, and mourned her days of gladness past.

Thy sire was fairest of the Roman youth,
Who with their parents to Judea came,
And he, too, fully had received the truth
Of Christ's divinity, and called in faith upon His name.

One lovely eve—it seems but yesterday—
I joined the maidens, and as usual sought
The wells that just outside the city lay,
To fill my pitcher, for such task no toil I thought.

'Twas at the sultry season of the year,
When oft our spring yielded but scant supply ;
And now the well we deemed most sweet and clear,
We found, with loud regrets, was almost dry.

We strove to reach the water, but in vain,
And then a playful rivalry ensued ;
Each some expedient tried the prize to gain,
And, as she failed, the rest her efforts laughing viewed.

I was the youngest and the last, and spied
A slender reed that in the thicket grew,
So long, that, were it to my pitcher tied,
The mirthful, sportive group I fairly might outdo.

While yet they strove, I gayly onward hied,
Fearless of harm, nor dreaming danger near,
When 'midst the grass I saw a serpent glide—
His warning hiss sounded, too late, upon mine ear.

My charmed eye met his—each dazzling fold
Shone in the sunlight ; for one lingering ray
Found entrance through the trees, and tinged with gold
The fearful reptile that before me threatening lay.

I saw him slowly coil each glittering ring,
And thought of flight, though flight I knew was vain ;
When I beheld a youth between us spring,
And by his vigorous arm my deadly foe was slain.

I knew no more, for sense and memory fled,
And motionless upon the ground I lay ;
My kind preserver raised my drooping head,
And bore me to my friends, who still pursued their play

Amazed they stood to see me lifeless borne,
For, 'midst their sport, my absence none perceived,
And all my hapless fate began to mourn,
Until with gentle words the youth their fears relieved.

In fewer moments the adventure chanced
Than now it takes the history to tell ;
But sudden joy my spirit still entranced,
And bound my senses with a death-like, icy spell.

Terror dismissed, a verdant bank they found ;
Upon the turf fresh leaves and grass they spread,
Then plucked each fragrant flower that grew around,
And formed, with tender care, a pillow for my head.

Here, when I woke, my soul in heaven I deemed,
For now they marked the sun's declining ray,
And more than mortal melody it seemed
When those glad voices raised to God their evening lay :

See! the light of day is past,
Evening shades around are cast ;
God, our God, to Thee we raise
Songs of gratitude and praise !

Merely Thou wilt show to all
Who on Thee for succor call;
Guard us, then, from every ill;
Teach us, Lord, to do Thy will—

That when Death's dark shades appear,
And the eve of life draws near,
We, from doubt and terror free,
Gently may repose on Thee.

Lord, in Thy protection blest,
Soft as sinks the glowing day,
Ere we seek our evening rest,
Wake we now our grateful lay,
And to Thee, Jehovah, raise
Fervent songs of love and praise!

It died away upon the quiet air,
And silence for a moment reigned around,
While every heart was raised in praise and prayer,
And deep devotion all our senses firmly bound.

Then nobler voices from amid the throng
Raised, in clear chorus, the melodious note,
And thus poured forth, the joyous tide of song
On silvery pinions seemed toward heaven's pure vault to float.

We, who know a Saviour's love,
Brought Him down from heaven above—
From a throne of light on high,
Here, a suffering man, to die.

In *His* name our offerings make,
Seek acceptance for His sake ;
Lord, to Thee our vows we bring,
Humbly to Thy cross we cling.

Breathe Thy Spirit in each soul,
Bid Him every thought control,
Comfort, guide, protect, defend ;
Ever on our path attend !

Lead us far from error's way,
Guide us to Eternal Day ;
Then in heaven we'll gladly raise
Fervent songs of love and praise.

At the first notes my consciousness returned,
Though still confused and dizzy was my brain ;
But, while they sang, my soul with fervor burned,
As through my spirit thrilled that glad, triumphant strain.

At once I rose, the stranger youth to seek,
For, though my wont to be reserved and coy,
Yet now I longed my thankfulness to speak,
And pour forth heart-felt words of gratitude and joy.

Beneath a shady tree he stood apart,
And thither hastily I took my way,
For he had saved each tender parent's heart
The grief of childless age ; ah ! how such debt could I repay ?

My father's name I told, and prayed that he
Would, on the morrow, to our house repair,
Assured that grateful hospitality
Would with warm greeting meet my brave preserver there.

And now we hastened homeward, lest our stay
Should vague alarm and anxious fears excite,
Of deadly peril causing our delay ;
For naught could we resist, unarmed and helpless quite.

I told my tale, and quieted the fears
That in my parents' bosoms quickly swelled ;
They blessed the stranger youth with thankful tears,
Then poured to God the joy that from their spirits welled.

The morrow brought young Claudius to our door,
Received with grateful smiles and welcome meet ;
My parents thanked and blessed him o'er and o'er,
Then led him, though reluctant, to the highest seat.

He presently made known his father's name—
Cornelius, captain of the Italian band,
And said from Cesarea late he came
To view Jerusalem ere he left the Holy Land.

For since his father had Christ's faith professed,
And read the Prophets with attention o'er,
His mind by dark forebodings was oppressed
Of fearful woes to come !—war, plague, and famine sore.

Thence he resolved his child to send away,
And bade him to Italia's shores repair,
Nor tempt the miseries of that dreadful day
When God would turn in wrath, deaf to His people's prayer.

But, ere he went, he bade him seek the spot
Where Christ so oft His signs and wonders wrought,
That, wheresoe'er he dwelt, whate'er his lot,
He still might guard the truths by love and mercy taught.

Next he related all he late had heard
Of persecution threatened to our faith—
That, though awhile our foes might be deterred,
They still, in secret, planned our future woe and seaith.

Conversing thus, the time flew quickly by,
While still I sat and pleased attention gave ;
Yet, when the evening hour again drew nigh,
I wondered his farewell should leave me sad and grave.

He came again and often from that day,
Until his voice seemed music to mine ear ;
And still he lingered, still prolonged his stay,
While to the other each unconsciously grew dear.

At length a venerable and holy man
Came to my father, and they talked apart ;
For, questioned on his seeming change of plan,
Claudius to him confessed the love that filled his heart.

He came to sue my parents to consent
That I might be the youthful Christian's bride,
Before to other distant lands he went,
Where in some sheltered spot we might in peace abide.

Nor need we separate, since no other tie
Forbade my parents forth, at will, to roam ;
The approaching tempest they, with me, might fly,
On foreign shores secure a safe and tranquil home.

I owned my love, and sadness and deep joy
Seemed to dispute possession of my heart ;
For much it served my gladness to alloy,
That from my childhood's haunts forever I must part.

In after-life, 'midst fairer scenes I've dwelt,
Which filled my soul with wonder and with awe,
But ne'er to things inanimate have felt
The love that ever to those hallowed vales I bore.

Even now in fancy often I review
The scenes where in my early youth I played,
My childhood's frolics merrily renew—
Waking, to find, in air, my fairy visions fade.

But wherefore on those moments should I dwell ?

Suffice it that I soon became a wife,
Bade all my youthful friends a long farewell,
And wandered forth upon the rugged way of life.

I watched my parents' fast declining years,
Until in peace and hope their spirits passed,
Joying to leave this narrow vale of tears
For heavenly blessedness, eternally to last.

Since then through sunshine and through shade I've trod,
And still drawn closer to my husband's side,
While both, in faith, wait patiently on God,
Who to Himself, at last, His children safe will guide. . . .

She paused—for sudden twilight fell around ;
The sun at once his cheerful light withdrew ;
Loud and re-echoed thunder shook the ground ;
While thickest darkness still to deeper midnight grew.

Red lightning flashes now athwart the gloom,
And burning stones and vapors fill the air :
Some wisely fly the fast impending doom,
While shrill from every side rise shrieks of wild despair. .

On this dread scene the Christian earnest gazed,
Then gently drew her daughter to her heart,
Her eyes to heaven in fervent prayer she raised,
Then spoke : " Till Claudius come, we may not hence depart.

“ For thee, mine own, all peril I could brave,
But not in this dark hour thy father leave,
If it please God to take the lives He gave,
We go to dwell with Christ ; then wherefore should we grieve ? ”

She called her household, kindly spake to each,
And counseled them no longer to remain,
Since now the shore they might securely reach,
And thence the farther coast with ease and safety gain.

The hours passed slowly on ; the gentle child
Uttered no murmur and expressed no fear ;
With holy thoughts and words the time they wiled,
Awaiting still the friend to both so justly dear.

He came at last, wearied and scorched, but calm ;
Told them he could not earlier leave his post,
Assured them he had 'scaped all serious harm,
And urged them now with speed to fly toward the coast.

One servant only of the menial band,
An aged man, remained their fate to share ;
Him Claudius sent at once toward the strand,
A vessel to procure and wait his coming there.

A little bark he found, and patient stayed,
Striving through that deep gloom their forms to spy,
Much marveling what their footsteps had delayed,
While still with hope and fear his anxious heart beat high.

At last, exhausted and despairing quite,
He left the fatal, dark, unfriendly shore,
And from that moment 'twas his sole delight
To tell this melancholy story o'er and o'er.

'Twas in the sweet and balmy month of May,
The earth was clad in freshly verdant green,
When to Pompeii's gates we took our way,
To look our last upon that strange and solemn scene.

We wandered through the "City of the Dead,"
Lingering to pluck the flowers beneath our feet—
Wondering, where Desolation's empire spread,
Such brightly robed and fragrant habitants to meet.

Even amid those ancient tombs they grew,
Shedding their perfume in that lonely place ;
There, all unseen, displayed each various hue,
Content, with their sweet lives, that silent spot to grace.

'Tis strange these lowliest children of the earth
Around those urns unceasing watch should keep,
Where, heedless now of station or of birth,
Beauty and power lie hushed in dreamless sleep ;

And strange that we, descendants of a race
That still Rome strove to conquer and enthrall,
Should here, with curious eye, her customs trace,
And in her vices read the history of her fall !

We paused before a house where busy men
Removed the ashes that so long had slept,
And to the light of day revealed again
The secrets that within their breast concealed they kept.

They ceased at last, and o'er each hardened face
Something like awe and reverence seemed to play,
For, stretched upon the ground in close embrace,
Three human skeletons before them moldering lay.

The sky all day had been serene and clear,
But now dark clouds athwart its surface crept,
The rain fell heavily, each drop a tear,
That Nature, mourning o'er her hapless children, wept.

This all we know—but Fancy's airy voice
Bids us the Christian's fate with these unite,
Nor mourn, but rather for their sakes rejoice,
From persecution snatched, to dwell in endless light.

HELL GATE, *February 1, 1841.*

The preceding sketch was suggested by witnessing at Pompeii, in the spring of 1836 (during the excavation ordered by the Government, in compliment to Commodore Hull), the exhumation of three skeletons—a man, woman, and child, supposed to have been suffocated or crushed by the fall of the roof upon them, seventeen centuries before.

NAÎTRE, SOUFFRIR ET MOURIR.

HIGH on the Salève's green and lofty side
An ancient ruin still may be descried,
 Its towers and walls fast sinking to decay.
None know who planned or owned it; not a trace
Marks now the use or founder of the place,
Whose very memory soon must pass away.

Deeply engraven on the massive stone
A few years since these solemn words were shown,
 The sum of our existence here below :
"Naître, Souffrir et Mourir"—Birth, Suffering,
And Death, the lot of every living thing—
 A little more, a little less of woe.

Erst as I gazed upon that rugged pile,
Wondering if childhood's mirth or woman's smile
 Had ever shed their light within those halls,
Bright Fancy hovering near, on viewless wing,
Swift as the Genius of the magic ring,
 Touched with her wand the old and crumbling walls.

A stately castle rose upon the steep,
With frowning battlements and tower and keep,
Its banner proudly floating on the air.
The warder pacing his accustomed round,
And clanging arms and trumpet's martial sound—
The stir and pomp of feudal times were there.

Yet youth and beauty graced the lady's bower ;
Work, song, and prayer, beguiled each tedious hour,
While her Lord led his vassal band afar ;
And childhood's prattling accents met the ear ;
Its guileless sport, its laughter, light and clear,
Mingled amid the graver notes of war.

Then the bold Baron, o'er the distant plain,
Came homeward with a glittering, gallant train,
And his halls rang with jest and roundelay.
Gay youths and gentle maidens there were wed,
'Midst mirth and April smiles that quickly fled,
As care and pain darkened life's onward way.

Children were born, and many a noble boy
Wakened a mother's tenderest love and joy,
Too soon to change to sorrow's bitter tear,
When the young hero in his manly pride
Upon the field of battle bravely died,
And seeking fame's bright laurels found a bier.

A change at length came quickly o'er the scene,
And scarce a trace remained of what had been,
Save in the warder's slowly measured tread ;
Still frowned the castle on the mountain's brow,
But woman's form had vanished from it now,
Nor childhood there its genial influence shed.

His wife and children gathered to the tomb,
The last Lord, lingering on in grief and gloom,
Bade them those words upon the walls engrave,
Then left his lands and castle to endow
An order bound by military vow,
Whose fervent prayers his earth-stained soul should save.

Where once fair faces, gazing far below,
Beheld Rhône's sparkling current swiftly flow,
And through Lake Lemman's calmer waters glide,
Dwelt knights, who from fierce conflict hastened there
To dull monastic discipline and prayer,
All human ties and feelings cast aside.

Again I looked, and now it stood alone,
Warder and knights and banner all were gone—
The days of warlike chivalry had passed ;
But still the battlements were strong and high,
And seemed Time's wasting footsteps to defy,
A stern and gray memorial that must last.

An instant, and it vanished quite away,
And the old ruin bare and silent lay,
 Half lighted by the moonbeams—half in shade ;
And thinking of the many who were born,
Suffered and sinned and died, at last, forlorn,
 For all our helpless, hapless race I prayed.

Alas for those who seek no higher bliss
Than may be found in such a world as this !
 Suffering and death mar all our joys below,
And pure delight has no abidance here :
Look, weary pilgrim, to that happier sphere,
 Where death is nct, and tears shall cease to flow.

EDGEWOOD, *March 10, 1853.*

THE TWO ARBELLAS.

LADY ARBELLA STUART.

THE last gleam of day has vanished, into sober twilight fading,
And the shadows gather thickly in my lonely prison-room ;
Thus athwart my day of gladness fell the cloud of sorrow, shading
All the sunshine of existence into chilling, changeless gloom.

Here I sit alone, heart-stricken, sit in solitary musing
O'er the bright illusions of the past, the present full of woe ;
Fatal my birthright, as my blood, the common boon refusing—
To choose the calm, domestic joys ignobler mortals know.

I was lonely and an orphan, left in utter isolation,
A royal pariah, from life's ties and blessings set apart ;
But I burst these gilded trammels, dared to seek a lowlier station—
Dared to love, to hope, to trust ; ah me ! I had a woman's
heart.

Brief, alas ! my blissful vision, long and dreary my repentance ;
It has worn my feeble body, it has crushed my weary brain :
Yet not unavenged, O tyrant, do I waste beneath thy sentence :
My history, linked with thine, thy fame indelibly shall stain !

I repent my selfish weakness, which so soon recoiled upon me,
For whose sake my noble Seymour in a foreign land must rove,
Mine the fault, his the misfortune that his gallant homage won
me ;
I repent not that I loved, but that I ruined him I love.

Through my narrow, close-barred casement, two pale stars shine
on me gently,
And I often sit for hours, gazing up into the skies,
All my bitter griefs I tell them, and they listen so intently,
I *know* they love and pity me—I see it in their eyes.

Sometimes, too, from out the shadows that on stormy nights surround me,
Come a crowd of spirit-forms and lead me back into the past,
And I dream of years gone by, the years when first my Seymour
found me ;
In the joyous days of youth and hope, too bright, too pure to
last.

I remember how we wandered through the woodlands one
bright morning,
When the earth was clad with blossoms in the sunny month of
May ;
And he gathered fragrant flowers fit, he said, for my adorning,
And I sang to him wild snatches of a quaint old roundelay.

We were children then in age, yet children scarce in thought
and feeling,

And I poured on him the tenderness that filled my orphaned
soul.

So with many tears we parted, fervent vows our friendship seal-
ing,

Both untutored in the formal rules of courtly self-control.

Years passed on, we still were severed, he in heart and mind ex-
panding,

While I gained much worldly knowledge, learned life's dan-
gerous course to steer,

On the pedestal of rank, alas ! above true friendship standing,
Planted just within the level of the jealous monarch's fear—

Placed in the shadow of the throne, all treated me with defer-
ence,

And I lacked not commendation of my learning, wit, and grace ;
From such chill courtesy I shrank—devoid of heart-felt rever-
ence ;

And yet none guessed the deep contempt that lurked beneath
my placid face.

'Twas in those days of cheerless state, when the earth grew dark
around me,

Desolate, my heart first dared to look for peace and joy to
Heaven ;

Thus I learned to bear the fetters with which adverse Fate had
bound me,

Trusting that, for Christ's dear sake, my faults and murmurings
were forgiven.

When at last I met my Seymour, our fond early ties renewing,
We lived each but for the other, all the world beside forgot ;
Little dreaming royal vengeance, our whole after-lives pursuing,
Would convert to bitter anguish our too blissful, tranquil lot.

But my life is swiftly waning, and my frame grows faint and
weary ;

I thank God that I am dying, that life's cup is almost drained.
Mine has been a painful journey through a desert bleak and
dreary,

And I bless God that the haven of His rest is almost gained.

I have naught on earth to live for, save to show my deep sub-
mission

To His will, who bids me linger and sustains me here below ;
And He reads my inmost spirit, sees my sorrowful condition,
And He leads me gently onward in the way that I must go.

I shall never see my husband—nay, the very wish has left me ;

Better he should still remember me as in my happy bloom,
Ere these years of constant weeping, of my beauty had bereft
me ;

Now a pallid sufferer, hovering on the borders of the tomb.

And when my existence ceases, and the spectral form of treason,
Which has shadowed all my life, with me has vanished from
the earth,

The King, listening to his conscience, listening to the voice of
reason,

Will recall my banished Seymour to the country of his birth.

Wherefore, then, should Death alarm me, a good angel smiling
calmly,

Leading from my lonely prison to a joyful home above?

There, even *I* may find a refuge, where no evil thing can harm
me—

Even *I* find consolation in the fullness of God's love.

LADY ARBELLA JOHNSON.

In a brightly blooming garden sits a pale but lovely lady,
With a face almost angelic in its peace and tenderness,
And she gazes on the flowers she has loved and tended daily,
While a throng of recollections on her gentle spirit press.

To her heart this sheltered bower, with its quiet, simple beauty,
Almost seems a second Eden, from earth's din and discord
free;

Yet at the call of Conscience, at the still, clear voice of Duty,
She will leave it and go forth with calm, unwavering con-
stancy.

Were not Christ's faithful followers warned of earthly tribulation,

That theirs must ever be a lot of earnest toil and strife?

In this world much persecution their unfailing compensation,

But, in the world to come, the gift of everlasting life.

True, her frame is very fragile, she was gently born and nurtured,

And she may remain in safety, spite of her obnoxious creed;

But her husband may not linger, and shall she be weakly perjured,

And shrink from following in the path where love and honor lead?

She had written him that morning her unalterable decision:

She would leave her friends and country, she would go with him abroad;

And whatever were their sufferings, or their desolate condition,

They would each support the other in life's toilsome, rugged road.

She would dare with him the perils of the wild, tempestuous ocean,

She would share with him the terrors and the dangers of the land,

Unmoved and calm, her spirit nerved by woman's deep devotion,

Encountering pain and care—content still at his side to stand.

Months have passed : again I see her on a lovely moonlight evening,

From the deck of the *Arbella*, gazing on the sea and sky ;
Now she looks toward the heavens, where cloud-masses, intervening,

Veil the light in tender shadow as they dreamily float by.

In the momentary darkness, at the water now she glances,
Which reflects the sky no longer, but with innate luster gleams ;

While with varying scintillation, every ripple curves and dances,
Like faith's pure ray, 'neath heaviest clouds, with brightest radiance beams.

The wind rises to a tempest, and the waves to fury lashing,
Soon the vexed ship rears and plunges like a wild, ungoverned steed ;

Now before the wind she rushes, then tossed backward, headlong dashing,

Strikes the heavy, booming surges, which her frantic course impede.

Many cheeks are blanched with terror, but few words of fear are spoken,

For the women in that vessel are of firm, enduring souls :
And the pale Lady *Arbella* smiles with spirit still unbroken,
For her husband's arm is round her, its close clasp her form enfolds.

Dearest ties for his sake severed, he is all she has to cherish—

Should God summon them together, they are ready to depart ;
They might reach their destined haven by a slower death to
perish,

One survive to mourn the other with an aching, lonely heart.

The scene changes : now 'tis daylight, and a strange fleet fast
approaches,

While all minds are greatly troubled, lest it prove a lurking
foe ;

And at last the brave, blunt Captain, with knit brow the subject
broaches :

Shall they yield the ship like cowards, shall they yield without
a blow ?

There upon the group of women with an anxious look he gazes ;

Turns again to view the vessels that are drawing ever near ;

All hands closely press around him, and once more his voice he
raises :

“ We will fight more bravely, fighting for the wives we hold
so dear ! ”

Then they clear the deck for action, set their ordnance swift in
order,

While the women and children are for safety sent below.

“ Arm the crew of the Arbella, lest the enemy should board her,

And then boldly put the ship about and toward the strangers
go ! ”

All aware of their great danger, women, without woman's weakness,

In their husbands' nearer peril every thought of self is lost ;
Even the children catch the spirit of their mother's patient meekness,

Trusting God, whose arm can save them, when their need is uttermost.

Hark ! a cry—exultant, thrilling—hark ! a shout of heart-felt gladness ;

Over each advancing vessel, lo ! the flag of England floats,
And, 'midst grateful aspirations, banished every thought of sadness,

Roars a deep-toned salutation from the cannons' brazen throats.

Friendly faces throng the vessel with kind words of cheerful greeting,

While their vanished apprehension makes the present seem more bright ;

And long weeks they ponder over the excitement of that meeting,
The glad passage from dark danger to the fullness of delight.

Time speeds on : I see Arbella at a narrow casement sitting,

While the wind's mysterious voices wailing rise, or sighing cease ;

'Midst the forest-trees' dark foliage, light and shadow ever flitting,

Her pale face like sculptured marble in its look of perfect peace.

Yet not *marble* in its *stillness*, for a *soul* is *here* indwelling,

Clad with pure celestial beauty far above the sculptor's art ;
Thus she shines by faith transfigured, love all doubt and fear
dispelling—

“An angel hovering on the wing to bless ere it depart.”

Her lips move, her thoughts find utterance in low whispers
faintly spoken :

“My life is like the setting sun, now sinking in the west ;
‘Soon shall the silver cord be loosed, the golden bowl be broken,’
Soon shall my spirit be with God—my feeble frame at rest.

“And I thank Thee, O my Father, that with joyful expectation
I can meet Thy gentle summons, that I am content to die ;
Thou wilt comfort my bereaved one, Thou a God of consolation,
And perhaps ere long our spirits may be joined again on high.

“Though my *heart* is strong, my *body* grows each day more faint
and weary ;

I have striven with pain and weakness for the sake of *his* dear
love, .

Since I know that he will miss me, and life's way look dark and
dreary,

But, faith lighting soon the horizon, he will lift his soul above.

“Gentle memories too will soothe him, seem my spirit lingering
near ;

In the shadowy realms of dreamland he will often dwell with
me ;

Prayer will strengthen, Hope sustain him, and with firm assurances cheer him

Of a glorious resurrection and a blest Eternity."

Yet once more I see the lady, with closed eyelids, calmly sleeping ;

The dark fringe of her long lashes on her pale cheek lightly pressed ;

Hushed she lies in breathless silence, an unbroken Sabbath keeping ;

Her white hands forever folded and her slender frame at rest.

Simple funeral rites attend her, in the dewy summer evening,

While a band of Christian mourners bow in heart-felt reverence there ;

In the ground they lay her gently, twilight shadows round them deepening,

And, oppressed with care and sorrow, seek relief in fervent prayer.

Even *he*, the desolate mourner, from whose life love's smile is shrouded,

Though his step grows slow and faltering, meekly bends beneath the rod,

And his mortal frame decaying, soon Heaven's light shall shine unclouded,

Their blest spirits reunited in the presence of their God.

EDGEWOOD, *April 4, 1854.*

THE LEGEND OF SQUAW HOLLOW.

'Twas Indian summer ; o'er the landscape hung
Light mist, like a transparent drapery,
With floating, airy grace around it flung ;
Trees waved and insects murmured dreamily ;
Beneath the autumn's sun serenely bright
All nature basking in the mellow light.

'Midst such a scene of peace and loveliness,
I've often heard, my uncle rode one day ;
His spirit full of pitying tenderness,
From grief or want he never turned away ;
And now returning from a scene of woe,
He wended homeward, sorrowful and slow.

Yet gazing on the prospect far and near,
A calm repose upon his spirit stole ;
For the deep sense of pure enjoyment here
Nerves and sustains the Christian, till the goal
Toward which he earnest strives at last be won,
The painful race, the weary conflict done.

Thus he rode on, absorbed in tranquil thought,
Till a strange sound, a wailing, plaintive cry
Arose ; again—again the sound he caught,
And yet no cause of grief could he espy ;
Gazing upon that scene so softly fair,
There seemed nor sin nor anguish lurking there.

With closely searching glance he scanned the vale,
And now a curious hollow met his eye,
While nearer, sadder, longer rose the wail,
In wild, unearthly cadence floating by ;
But, strong of heart and limb, he soon resolved,
Before he went, the mystery should be solved.

A clump of trees around the hollow grew,
With vines and bushes thickly intertwined,
Concealing all within it from his view ;
And long he vainly sought a path to find.
At last, o'er brier and stump his way he made,
And breathless reached the centre of the glade.

A band of Indian women there he found,
Of whom one squaw, more aged than the rest,
Sat in the midst, the others grouped around—
Her withered arms crossed firmly on her breast ;
Unmoved by the death-wail her comrades woke,
Her pipe sent slowly forth a wreath of smoke.

Behind a tree my uncle, wondering, stood,
For naught he saw to justify their moan ;
But now the women rose and left the wood,
While the old squaw sat silent and alone.
Quick he sprang forward, asking why she staid,
And why her mates such lamentation made.

Surprised and doubting, in his face she gazed,
Then calmly said it was *her* funeral-song,
A wail for her the Indian women raised ;
For she was very old, and not so strong
As she had been ; hers, therefore, was the doom
Of the infirm and old—a living tomb !

Touched by his horror at the tale she told,
Her stern composure all at once was gone ;
Fast down her furrowed cheeks big tear-drops rolled,
Moved by his sympathizing glance and tone.
“ I’ll seek for aid,” he cried, “ your life to save,”
“ Even now,” was her reply, “ they dig my grave ! ”

His steps retraced, he sprang upon his steed,
And homeward lightly flew across the plain,
Nor paused a moment nor relaxed his speed,
Trembling lest all his efforts should prove vain :
Roused fancy painted the appalling fate
Of the old squaw, should he return too late !

Quick at his summons came a gallant band,
Vowing the aged woman to release,
Prepared by force the Indians to withstand,
So she unharmed might live and die in peace ;
And that the natives should be surely taught,
Not unopposed, such murder could be wrought.

Full of high zeal, at last they reached the place,
Pierced through the thicket, and the hollow found
Silent and empty—not the faintest trace
Of Squaw or Indian to be seen around ;
They searched the precincts with unwearied care,
In vain—the tribe had melted into air.

A century ago this scene occurred,
My great-great-uncle then in manhood's prime,
And from his lips the tale my mother heard ;
Oft asked for and repeated many a time—
Still wondering, with moist eye and long-drawn breath,
Had she no children to avert her death ?

A few years since, the road that went that way
Was found too winding, and a new one made
Whose straight, broad course, undeviating, lay
Through the deep hollow and the lonely glade ;
To level these, the neighboring hillock's soil
Was brought with patient, unremitting toil.

And there a human skeleton was found,
Whose bones preserved the attitude of rest,
Placed in a sitting posture in the mound,
The arms still closely folded on the breast ;
The teeth pressed firmly on the pipe of clay,
Lulled by whose spell, the spirit passed away.

EDGEWOOD, *November 14, 1853.*

THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

AMIDST primeval forests in the West,
Where scarcely yet the white man's foot hath pressed,
A lovely and secluded valley lies ;
There may you listen to the summer breeze
That, softly whispering 'neath o'erhanging trees,
At last, in melancholy cadence, dies.

Securely there the various wild birds throng,
And gladly, fearless pour a tide of song,
Till the air seems replete with melody ;
Forever with each other they are vying,
And for the tuneful victory blithely trying,
The contest still prolonged in harmony.

The checkered daylight steals athwart the glade,
And, 'midst the ever-changing sun and shade,
A sparkling fountain glances on the sight,
From out the cold earth's deep, dark bosom springing,
And ever leaping, dancing, bubbling, singing,
Reflecting smile for smile, the sunbeam's light.

Soft footsteps oft and human voices sound,
Within the valley and the woods around ;

But hatred never enters there nor strife ;
Hushed in the deep recesses of the breast,
The stormiest passions there are lulled to rest,
And calmly peaceful flows the tide of life.

The valley and the neighboring forest's bound
The red-man venerates as holy ground :

For him the fountain flows in healing streams,
The feeble limbs which scarce his weight sustain,
Nerved by its use, their pristine force regain—
Its crystal waves divinely blest he deems.

Within the sacred precincts of the Spring
None may unkindly thought or purpose bring,
Revenge and hatred there alike must cease ;
For he would forfeit honor, life, and fame,
Doomed to a memory of scorn and shame,
Who kindled strife within the " Vale of Peace."

The weary sufferer who would repair,
To seek relief from pain and fever there,
May on his pilgrimage securely go ;
Nor was it ever told that one who trod
Through hostile tribes, seeking the " Fount of God,"
Was injured, or insulted as a foe.

THE HUGUENOTS.

SWEET are the joys of home. The aged sire,
His arm-chair drawn to its accustomed place,
Watches the group assembled round the fire,
While smiles illumine his patriarchal face.

His daughter, calmly seated at his side,
With skillful hand the shining needles plies ;
Yet, with quick glance of fond maternal pride,
Oft on her children turns her beaming eyes.

Their father joins their sport, enjoys their glee,
Yet strives to mix instruction with delight ;
On the white wall their portraits bids them see,
Limned in dark contrast to the cheerful light.

At first the figures but excite their mirth,
Then, of these phantom mimics weary soon,
They list how sages learned the form of earth,
Shone by its shadow cast upon the moon.

Of Planetary motion next they learn,
By Galileo's telescope descried ;
How, being sentenced to recant or burn,
He in the fear of death the truth denied,
Then paused—" Yet still the earth does move," he cried.

Soon came the hour of prayer, and, taught to hear
In reverent love and faith God's holy book,
With noiseless step the children all drew near,
Smiles banished, grave attention in each look.

The white-haired sire, with apostolic air,
From secret nook the sacred volume drew—
A priceless treasure, kept with jealous care,
In those dark hours of dread, from public view.

He read of Stephen's life and glorious fate,
Early permitted for his Lord to die,
Who, calm amid the storm of priestly hate,
Beheld, by faith, his Master throned on high.

All vainly with mad unbelief he strove,
And, first the martyr's grave and palm to win,
With Christ-like spirit, full of pitying love,
Besought forgiveness for his murderers' sin.

They knelt, and then with humble, fervent zeal,
And trusting faith, the aged grandsire prayed
That God would guide them still in woe or weal,
Strong in His strength, by sin alone dismayed.

Now placid smiles enlivened every face,
The children clustered round the old man's knee,
Upon whose brow was throned the winning grace
Of Heavenly love—long-suffering Charity.

Ere long, obedient to the well-known sign,
With earnest accents by their parents blessed
(Who to God's care their treasure would consign),
Gladly the little ones repaired to rest.

With them an older maiden left the room,
Bearing the youngest child with sportive grace—
A lovely picture, as, with heightened bloom,
Its twining arms clasped her in close embrace.

Her lot had been a sad one—early left,
She and her brother, orphans and alone ;
But the good grandsire took them, thus bereft,
Reared them with care, and loved them as his own.

Cécile and Claude of higher station came,
Their parents, scions of an ancient race ;
But, doomed to bitter penury and shame,
Their faith entailed misfortune and disgrace.

The boy of generous spirit, brave and true,
Idle dependence could not long endure—
Deemed noble acts to noble blood were due,
And felt himself patrician still, though poor.

Yet did he not disdain his bread to gain,
By skillful exercise of head or hand ;
And seeking thus subsistence to obtain,
While yet a youth, forsook his native land.

Twice he had written he was far from home
And prosperous—happy quite he could not be
Until returning, doomed no more to roam,
He should once more the loved and distant see.

Cécile was beautiful, and in her face
Shone intellect by innocence refined ;
'Twas easy there each changing mood to trace,
And mark the phases of a noble mind.

Fair was her brow and soft her blooming cheek,
But bright intelligence illumed her eye,
Now, melting tenderness it seemed to speak,
Or with enthusiasm's fire flashed high,
Its soul-lit azure varying as the sky.

Those were the days when bigotry held sway,
For royal Louis, with imperial nod,
Bade all the land one rule of faith obey,
Nor at their conscience' dictates worship God.

His mandate all dissenting churches closed,
Their pastors doomed in banishment to stray ;
While, lest in aught his will should be opposed,
Armed bands throughout the country spread dismay.

As yet the little spot where Pierre dwelt,
Small and sequestered, had escaped the law ;
But soon he deemed its rigor must be felt,
And, in the future, misery foresaw.

He was the village pastor, and he knew
Not long at home in safety he could stay,
But meant to seek some wild, where safe from view
He still could with, or for, his people pray.

Often he urged his children to forsake
Their country, grown to them so pitiless,
And in some foreign land their dwelling make,
In peaceful labor finding happiness.

Vainly he plead ; his daughter still replied,
“ Father, while you remain, we stay with you.”
And ever as he spoke, close to his side,
With woman’s clinging love, she drew.

Often she clasped her children to her breast,
And, at the thought of what their fate might be,
Maternal love would scarcely be repressed,
But meekly still she bowed to God’s decree.

Mauny, her husband, outwardly was calm,
His indignation curbed with iron will ;
To shield those cherished, helpless ones from harm,
He strove to suffer all things and be still.

Cécile was firm and tranquil, early led
To temper with humility her zeal ;
On high, her ardent soul for succor fled,
And Hope descending answered her appeal.

Thus things were, at the time of which I tell,
And they were cheerful still, although aware
A few brief days might all their joys dispel ;
Strong in God's strength, they cast on Him their care.

So time passed on, until the rumor grew
Of soldiers to be quartered in the place,
And as they, questioning, learned the tidings true,
Abiding sadness clouded every face.

The pastor's safety prompt attention claimed ;
So, where the mountain-streams a way had worn,
And from the rock a spacious grotto framed,
He was at once with speed and caution borne.

Already to this quiet, sheltered glade,
With prudent foresight, fearful of surprise,
Such simple, needful things had been conveyed
As the old man for comfort most would prize.

A rustic cot, a table, and arm-chair,
With food and some few books, his treasured friends,
By loving hands he sees collected there,
And from his soul a grateful prayer ascends :

“ Thou, Lord, in days of old,
Forth in the desert wold
Thy prophet led ;
Yet, mindful of his cry,
Didst there his wants supply,
By ravens fed.

“Me, so unworthy all
For aid divine to call
Save in Christ’s name ;
Who only to His grace
And pardoning love can trace
My heavenly claim—

“Here in the wilderness
Thou dost with comforts bless,
More than I need ;
My couch and table spread,
My soul, with living bread,
Thy word doth feed.

“My grateful heart would raise
Its tribute, Lord, of praise,
Thy gifts extol ;
Still mayst Thou be my guide,
In life my wants provide,
In death receive my soul.”

’Twas evening, and the sun with parting smile
Benignant, shed around his waning light,
As though he fain would linger yet awhile,
Nor yield his empire willingly to night.

The cottage windows shone with mimic fire,
A flaming tide the little streamlets flowed,
And, as he still withdrew, each slender spire,
Touched by his rays, with silvery luster glowed.

Then on the dewy fields with soft, sad eye,
Each star looked from his self-irradiant throne,
As though even in the still and distant sky
He heard with sympathy Earth's plaintive moan.

But soon their gentle light appeared to fade,
As in calm majesty the moon arose ;
And high in Heaven her bright, cold orb displayed,
Careless alike of human joys or woes.

Yet on that night with friendly beam she shone,
Guiding the peasant with her steady ray,
As through the wood's recesses, deep and lone,
Silent and slow they took their devious way.

Beyond the grotto lay a sheltered glade,
Where lofty trees in natural circle grew,
And the wild grape-vine twined in pendent shade,
A leafy screen, concealing it from view.

That night they purposed to assemble there,
And, since to them a temple man denied,
Amidst the solemn woods to raise their prayer,
Only by Heaven's pale " lesser lights " descried.

The checkered moonshine through the foliage strayed,
And on the pastor's saintly figure streamed ;
While, as he stood in glory thus arrayed,
With fervent hope and faith his visage beamed.

Zealous his prayer and eloquent, though plain,
For oft the simplest words most force impart ;
'Tis thus the unlearned sublimity attain,
When *truth* and *feeling* triumph over *art*.

Now it spoke peace to that devoted band—
Their hearts grew tranquil as the old man prayed ;
They felt prepared new trials to withstand,
Their spirits calmed and all their fears allayed.

Next, he exhorted them with accents kind ;
Instruction, like a tender parent, gave ;
Bidding them in their patience be resigned,
Nor peril souls that Jesus died to save.

He counseled them to seek some other clime,
Even though their substance must be left behind.
Better it were to lose the things of time,
And treasure stored for them in Heaven to find.

Still as he spoke he saw each brow grow clear,
All looked with steadfastness for happier days ;
And as the midnight hour at length grew near,
A simple parting strain he bade them raise :

“ Be still, thou sad and anxious heart ;
Trust in thy God, perform His will :
So shall He Heavenly strength impart,
And gently whisper, ‘ Peace, be still.’

“ Though life be full of care and fear,
Have faith, and all shall yet be well ;
This shall thy troubled spirit cheer,
The tide of deep emotion quell.

“ Though griefs and snares beset thy way,
Still humbly kiss the chastening rod ;
Soon death shall free from error’s sway,
And bring thee safely home to God.

“ Thou, who like man hast suffered woe,
Teach us to lift our hearts above ;
Grant us, O Lord, *Thyself* to know,
Led by Thy pure and perfect love.”

’Twas morning, and his head in reverence bent,
His offering of praise the pastor made ;
Then gazing round with awe and wonder blent,
The lovely scene before him spread surveyed.

Afar each lofty mountain reared its head,
Encircled with a crown of virgin snow,
Whereon the new-born light its radiance shed ;
With roseate, dazzling luster bade it glow.

Still misty silence reigned in mead and glade,
And not a bird as yet forsook its nest,
The dew-drops scarce their brilliancy displayed,
Earth seemed to breathe an atmosphere of rest.

The old man's thoughts in dreamy reverie bound,
His heart with pure, celestial rapture stirred,
He started, as a shrill, though distant sound,
Borne faintly on the passing breeze, he heard.

Ere long the trumpet's harsh and warlike note,
Loudly across the quiet landscape rung,
And far the airy challenge seemed to float,
Till by the mountains back in mockery flung.

An armèd troop rode through the peaceful vale,
Men of strong sinews and of iron nerve,
Careless of childhood's tears or woman's wail,
Who deemed their God by violence to serve.

They disappeared, but silence reigned no more,
For, warbling many a sad and plaintive lay,
The birds their morning chorus seemed to pour,
In tones that softly spoke their past dismay.

Soon reassured, on busy wing they soared,
With instinct by Omniscient Wisdom taught,
The fields and forests patiently explored,
And due provision for their offspring sought.

Far different in the village was the scene,
Where every house held some unwelcomed guest,
Whose scornful language and contemptuous mien
Gave point and bitterness to each behest.

Two officers to Mauny's house assigned,
The best, as due to their superior birth,
Were men diverse in temper and in mind,
And still more different in moral worth.

François Chatel, with soft and winning grace,
A persevering subtilty combined ;
So pleasing were his tones, so fair his face,
Few would have deemed him for ill deeds designed.

Those few remarked his slightly sneering smile
When brave and generous actions were portrayed—
Seeming to praise, while with ingenious guile
Light comments of disparagement he made.

Often to simplest, most unworldly hearts
True purity proves in itself a spell,
That where it dwells a holy power imparts,
Vice and her specious votaries to expel.

So, spite his courteous words and knightly tone,
Cécile shrank from Chatel's admiring glance,
And, by some inward sense distrustful grown,
Watched him with quiet, cautious vigilance.

Bernard de l'Orme a wayward, silent mood
Mingled with generous thoughts and courage high ;
His ardor, by strong self-control subdued,
Shone, when awakened, in his kindling eye.

Corruption at that era ruled supreme ;
All classes sank beneath her baleful reign,
Till truth and innocence became a dream,
Illusive phantoms of the poet's brain.

No wonder that De l'Orme, a skeptic grown,
In woman's faith no more reliance placed ;
Reserved and shy, her influence feared to own,
With spotless purity no longer graced.

Thus, kind of heart, he yet was often stern,
For human frailty scarce allowance made ;
He still had Christian charity to learn,
Taught by the love of God to man displayed.

He too Cécile's fresh loveliness admired,
Yet his grave, quiet smile awoke no fear,
But rather trust and confidence inspired—
She felt herself more safe when he was near.

Time passed, and Bernard still esteemed her more,
And wondered at the patience she possessed ;
So calmly taunts and mocking jests she bore,
Nor in return unkindly thoughts expressed.

Won by her mild, un murmuring dignity,
Insensibly the soldiers gentler grew,
And, spite sectarian malignity,
O'er their untutored minds a spell she threw.

Meantime Chatel, with many a treacherous wile
And friendly words, was ever at her side ;
But strove, in vain, her fancy to beguile,
Her calm simplicity his art defied.

Piqued by the civil coldness of her tone,
Which all his flatteries could not dispel ;
And meeting her one evening quite alone,
He dared in fiery words his love to tell.

Cécile the covert insult understood,
But, strong in conscious, injured innocence,
All outward agitation she subdued,
And answered with indignant eloquence :

“ Love !—I acknowledge and revere the name,
But your unholy lips the word profane ;
From God Himself its beam celestial came,
Still tends with upward ray to Heaven again.

“ It burns with gently purifying fire,
A beacon-light o’er life’s tempestuous wave,
Man’s soul with patient courage to inspire,
From hidden shoals with timely warning save.

“ *True love*, a robe of honor and a crown,
The purest woman may be proud to wear ;
While Passion would enslave and drag her down,
A helpless captive in sin’s flower-wreathed snare.”

She left him with a look of cool contempt,
Baffled, and for the moment quite disarmed,
Cursing his rash and premature attempt,
Yet more than ever by her beauty charmed.

Of magnanimity he nothing knew,
And soon, his slumbering malice wide awake,
He vowed the offending maiden to pursue,
And in his toils a helpless victim take.

With this in view, de l'Orme to influence
And prejudice against Cécile, he tried ;
Hinting that her reserve was mere pretense,
Which when alone with him she laid aside.

Bernard the slander heard with sad surprise,
For he had deemed Cécile sincere as pure.
This led him Chatel's motive to surmise,
And served awhile his doubts to reassure.

With what deep love his spirit was imbued,
As yet he dared not to himself confess ;
So forth he went, in meditative mood,
Lingering o'er fancies he could not repress.

Pausing at last within a thicket shade,
A timid footfall came upon his ear ;
And as the field behind him he surveyed,
He saw Cécile with rapid step draw near.

Wondering what brought her forth alone at night,
All his suspicious thoughts sprang up anew ;
So, to confirm, or else dispel them quite,
Soon he resolved the maiden to pursue.

So, ever keeping her slight form in sight,
Through the dark, silent forest he advanced,
While in the fitful and mysterious light,
Like flitting shadow, 'midst the trees she glanced.

Up the steep, narrow path alert she sped,
Following the windings of a mountain-dell,
That to a grassy woodland opening led,
Still upward sloping to the pastor's cell.

No lamp—all dark and silent as the tomb !
“ My father,” with faint heart the maiden cried,
And, from amidst the deep and chilling gloom,
His voice in slow and feeble tones replied :

“ God has at last my mortal summons sent,
I feel that my career is nearly run ;
My life was His, to spend and to be spent,
But now a Heavenly goal will soon be won.”

Trained to endurance, prompt to take her part,
Cécile with ready hand a light secured ;
With inward prayer sustained her sinking heart,
While fire and simple comforts she procured.

One thought depressed her deeply, that so near
To home and its beloved ones he should die,
Yet none his words of tender wisdom hear,
And she alone receive his parting sigh.

All that she could she did, then by the bed,
Before the Bible's open page, she knelt,
Its words of tender consolation read,
In thrilling tones breathed forth the truths she felt.

Contrasted strangely with surrounding shade,
The lamp's red beams illumined either face ;
His, calm and wan, the stamp of death displayed,
Hers glowed with living faith and blooming grace.

There as she bent, one might have deemed that love,
For such tried purity of heart and life,
Had drawn an angel from the realms above,
To cheer his spirit in the mortal strife.

Bernard meanwhile stood silent and amazed,
Beholding such a weird, unwonted scene ;
By turns, on either countenance he gazed,
Strangely unlike, yet both alike serene.

And now, his better feelings all awake,
Soon he resolved to tear himself away,
The mournful news to Mauny's household break,
And bid them hasten there without delay.

At last Cécile, unwilling to distress
The dying man with unavailing grief,
Yet, her deep sorrow powerless to repress,
Came forth to seek in tears a sad relief.

Just then de l'Orme, emerging from the wood,
Approached the glade that toward the village led,
Saw how in mute dismay she shrinking stood,
And, to dispel her terror, gently said :

“ Fear not, Cécile, to trust me as a friend—
Even now I go assistance to provide ;
Upon my speed and secrecy depend
The last inviolate, whate'er betide.”

The tender tone, the eye that kindling beamed
With self-taught eloquence and natural art,
In one who so reserved and grave had seemed,
Thrilled to the maiden's inexperienced heart.

By unaccustomed sympathy subdued,
Her high-wrought self-control at once was gone ;
And, as de l'Orme's retreating form she viewed,
She felt herself a *woman*—and alone.

Then simply, fervently for strength she prayed,
While tears relieved her overburdened breast ;
Then faith returned, and, calm and undismayed,
She found in God her refuge and her rest.

Soon the old man complained of feverish thirst,
And bade the maiden seek a neighboring rill,
Which from the rock in liquid crystal burst,
And wound its sheltered course around the hill.

Scarce, with light step, she vanished in the shade,
When on the other side appeared a man,
Who, as he swiftly traced the winding glade,
With anxious eye the grotto seemed to scan.

Around, within, inquiringly he glanced,
For now the exhausted lamp burned dim and red ;
At last, the truth surmising, he advanced
With cautious step and reached the Pastor's bed.

Claude, late arriving at a neighboring port,
Indignant, learned the King's severe decree :
Better, he thought, stern hardship to support,
Than bear such unrelenting tyranny.

His sailors, used unquestioning to obey,
Their courage and fidelity well tried,
He bade refit the ship without delay,
And for a long and distant voyage provide.

Then toward his native place with speed he hied,
To urge his friends to seek a foreign home ;
With him, as their protector and their guide,
Across the ocean's blue expanse to roam.

Some friendly peasants joined him on the way,
Learned who he was, and then the truth revealed :
That, too infirm in banishment to stray,
The Pastor in the forest lay concealed.

Claude then resolved to seek him there at night,
And first to him the well-laid plan disclose ;
Whose sanction gained for their projected flight,
His children scarcely would the scheme oppose.

Oft while the youth in distant countries strove
By patient work subsistence to obtain,
Fancy with brilliant hues the future wove,
And urged him yet the contest to maintain.

Thus he had striven still and not in vain—
Fortune with lavish hand her favors heaped ;
Though competence was all he sought to gain,
His care an ample golden harvest reaped.

Yet he had suffered much from lonely toil,
And most of all from weariness of life ;
An alien from his friends and native soil,
He shunned not danger, but recoiled from strife.

Deep was his disappointment when he learned
That cruel priestcraft scourged his much-loved land ;
With many a bitter, inward sigh he turned,
To seek a haven on some peaceful strand.

But he was young, and Providence ordains
That Youth and Hope should journey side by side ;
And Youth the bitterest trials thus sustains,
Deceived, yet trusting still his bright-robed guide.

And now the young man, joying in the thought
That by his aid his friends might succored be,
Since they would share the banishment he sought,
Still in the future happiness could see.

'Twas in this frame of mind he reached the spot
Where he believed the Pastor he should find ;
And by his counsel frame his future lot,
His wisdom, with deep sympathy, combined.

Who can describe the mingled joy and pain
Of those who met, so soon again to part ?
One startled cry, then neither spoke again—
Spirit to spirit linked, and heart to heart !

More calm at last, each at the other glanced,
Marking the changes passing time had wrought ;
The youth to manhood's vigorous prime advanced,
The vigorous man to death's dark threshold brought.

Freely the younger man poured forth the tide
Of thoughts and feelings through long years suppress'd
And, with the honest blush of manly pride,
Generous but oft-defeated schemes confessed.

But when he sadly spoke of purposed flight,
The Pastor's words all selfish grief restrained ;
Could *he* refuse life's conflict, shun the strife
By faithful souls, 'gainst sin and death maintained ?

He could not from his post with honor fly,
Nor long the rigorous law in safety brave ;
But blessed are the dead, in Christ who die,
And from their labors rest beyond the grave.

Willing his life to lose, true life to win,
He all his treasure had laid up on high ;
Dying in Christ to Death, whose sting is sin,
By faith, hope, love, he could the grave defy.

He counseled Claude, when he should be no more,
The plan of emigration to pursue ;
Seeking a home upon some distant shore,
Where they might live to God and virtue true.

Now at the entrance Cécile's face appeared,
Anxious and terrified, for her quick ear
Had caught the Pastor's accents, and she feared
His senses wandered as his end drew near.

Pierre called her, and in silence she obeyed.
" Kind Heaven," he said, " has heard my urgent prayer.
Your helpless youth upon my spirit weighed,
But now I yield you to a brother's care."

Bewildered, stunned, the color left her cheek ;
She gazed on Claude with wide, dilated eye,
Asking, though vainly she essayed to speak,
Some explanation of the mystery.

He, too, stood spellbound, looking in her face,
Which, pale and fixed, of sculptured beauty seemed.
Struck by her passing loveliness and grace,
Doubting, surprised, he almost thought he dreamed.

Cécile still scanned his features ; but the change
From youth to manhood baffled memory ;
His form, face, dress, and manner, all were strange,
And seemed all recognition to defy—

When suddenly a smile stole o'er his face,
Moved by her air of wondering scrutiny ;
A smile that lighted, as in other days,
With quiet merriment his lip and eye.

He was her brother ! With a cry of joy
The maiden, now convinced, to meet him sprung—
For a short space their bliss without alloy ;
Lost to all else, each to the other clung.

“ Yes, Cécile,” said the stranger, “ here at last
My weary footsteps safely have returned ;
And, by the years in friendless wandering passed,
The worth of woman's tenderness I've learned.

“ With thee, beloved, henceforth I mean to stay,
Or, when I journey, keep thee by my side ;
Even should my feet in foreign countries stray,
Death only our alliance shall divide.”

Long time the three conversed, while Pierre expressed
Unwearied resignation ; yet he sighed
When speaking of his children, and confessed
It pained him not to bless them ere he died.

Exhausted quite, the old man slept at last,
His aged limbs composed in childlike rest ;
And in that gentle sleep his spirit passed :
His *life* blessed others—dying, *he* was blessed.

’Twas long ere Claude and Cécile grasped the truth,
And then they felt the selfishness of grief,
Yet mourned the gentle guardian of their youth,
Though in *his* peace their sorrow found relief.

For he had passed by many years the span
Allotted to man’s pilgrimage below ;
And, spite his temperate, tranquil life, began
The burden of advancing life to know.

Yet their tears flowed, for sorrow will have way,
And none, they knew, could fill his vacant post ;
Ruling his flock with Apostolic sway,
His wisdom lost to them, when needed most.

At last Cécile judged, by the lapse of time,
Something had chanced the Maunys to delay ;
So she resolved the hill's steep side to climb,
And from above the distant path survey.

Concealed within the shadow of the wood,
Her eye de l'Orme's tall, manly figure caught,
Where firm, erect, and motionless he stood,
Absorbed and chained by some perplexing thought.

Quickly descending, on the maiden went,
For well she knew that, since he had returned,
He came to tell her of some strange event,
Or had some tidings of grave import learned.

Breathless she reached him ere she found her voice ;
He met her gaze with reassuring smile :
“ Fear not,” he said, “ we rather should rejoice
When truth and honor triumph over guile.

“ Stung by the spirited reproof you gave,
It seems Chatel, lost to all sense of shame,
Resolved for victory every risk to brave,
Disgracing thus his knightly rank and fame.

“ His mind upon no trifling vengeance bent,
He meant with malice-cruelty refined,
Pretending your conversion his intent,
To some sad cloister you should be consigned.

“ Nor deem you could his tyranny defy,
Unyielding heretics he thus can doom ;
And you, who scorn hypocrisy, must fly
From persecution and a living tomb.

“ A living tomb, perhaps a darker fate !
For who the labyrinth of crime can trace,
Or who the wretched victim’s wrongs relate
When death is courted to conceal disgrace ?

“ To thwart this scheme, a plan I fondly laid,
By which in safety you might still remain ;
But, by the scene, which yonder I surveyed,
I see my blissful vision was but vain.

“ Yet why should I endeavor to repress
The love that still, though hopeless, fills my heart ?
’Tis sad relief my feelings to confess,
Since here, at once, forever we must part.”

’Twas but that night Cécile the truth surmised,
And felt the love his thrilling tones expressed ;
Now first she learned how much that love she prized,
Her soul by deep despondency depressed.

The world grew dark around her ; she had borne
Much care and hardship for the love of God,
With calm humility encountered scorn,
And meekly bowed beneath oppression’s rod.

All had seemed easy, for, her mind at rest,
Religious fervor lightened every ill ;
But *love* and *duty* now her heart contest—
Though reason totters, she can suffer still.

To love with all a woman's depth and truth,
Yet at the shrine where faith undying burned,
To sacrifice her beauty and her youth,
Such was the lesson poor Cécile had learned.

You, who remember the first happy hours,
When young affection bathed your souls in bliss,
And life was full of sunshine and of flowers,
Can sympathize with such a grief as this.

Again her brightly glowing cheek grew pale,
As she beheld the knight prepared to go,
Hope, thought, her very being seemed to fail,
Existence but a consciousness of woe.

Nor breeze nor murmur stirred the air around,
The noontide heat had hushed each insect tone ;
Incapable of motion or of sound,
A living statue, rooted to the ground,
Her very drapery seemed turned to stone.

De l'Orme, alarmed and wondering, saw her grief,
But scarce she seemed his soothing words to hear ;
Vainly her anguish struggled for relief,
Nor even her tears could flow while he was near.

The thicket now re-echoed with her name,
And while she strove to frame a faint reply,
Uneasy at her stay, her brother came,
Gazing around with anxious scrutiny.

“Cécile, Cécile ! my *sister* !” he exclaimed.

The words were sweet to Bernard’s listening ear ;
A *brother’s* right was all the stranger claimed—
Their hopes and wishes would not interfere.

The maiden soon espied—Claude gained her side ;
And she, awakening from her trance of pain,
Gently to all his questioning replied,
Now armed with strength the ordeal to sustain.

So sadly, calm, she soon the knight besought,
Her brother of Chatel’s base plan to tell ;
How, through the abuse of power, revenge he wrought,
In pious zeal masking his purpose fell.

Bernard indignantly the plot revealed ;
With burning brow the young man heard the tale,
Knowing his righteous wrath must be concealed,
’Gainst strong oppression powerless to prevail.

Touched by the sympathy de l’Orme displayed,
Claude frankly told him of their purposed flight,
A project that need only be delayed,
Until the Maunys could with them unite.

“Nay,” said the knight, “here safely you will stay,
If my advice your future course may guide,
Nor exiled need on foreign shores to stray,
If Cécile will consent to be my bride.

“Give me the right her footsteps to attend,
Give me a husband’s dear and sacred claim;
This shall her path from violence defend—
None dare insult her when she bears my name ! ”

“Cécile,” said Claude, “must her own answer give :
If she remain, I wander forth forlorn ;
Amidst hate and bigotry I cannot live,
Nor patient bear with tyranny and scorn.

“Sprung from a house proud of its ancient blood,
In youth our parents Huguenots became ;
Firm in this faith, indignant threats withstood,
Even when their friends disowned all kindred claim.

“Thus cast upon the world without resource,
Vainly they strove existence to prolong ;
Of their own class none dared oppose their course,
Or would sustain the weak against the strong.

“The Pastor, long their counselor and guide,
Of nearer friends and natural ties bereft,
Dying at last, they summoned to their side,
And to his care their helpless orphans left.

“Such is our story ; vainly I have tried
All sense of birth or station to subdue,
And patient bear the scoffs of empty pride ;
To power devoid of worth I can not sue.”

He ceased, and then de l’Orme his suit preferred—
With ardent eloquence his love declared ;
Which, pale but firm, the maiden sorrowing heard,
Her spirit for the conflict now prepared.

“Vainly,” she said, “Love against Duty pleads,
Here we must part, to meet no more below ;
With constant mind following where conscience leads,
All thought of earthly bliss I must forego.

“Not thus from cold indifference I decide,
My heart by strong contending feelings tossed,
But that I dare not in myself confide,
Lest, in affection merged, my faith be lost.

“Yet, when you think of this my last adieu,
Strive to live well, and truly to believe
So holy love your spirit shall renew ;
Then, though far-distant lands our dust receive,
Our souls shall meet in Heaven, no more to grieve.”

Why should I dwell upon so sad a scene ?
Suffice it that they parted, as she deemed
To meet no more ; yet faith, with ray serene,
Upon the dark, uncertain future beamed.

When o'er the earth night's friendly shadow fell,
His people, weeping, dug the Pastor's grave
In the green shelter of the woodland dell,
Where gentle counsel last to them he gave.

Softly they laid him in his lowly bed,
Then to his God and theirs for comfort cried,
That wheresoe'er their wandering steps were led,
His tender care would all their need provide.

Of the dark treachery that round them coiled,
And Cécile's deadly peril made aware,
Her truth and honor to preserve unsoiled,
For flight the Maunys hastened to prepare.

Bernard, meanwhile unseen, his aid supplied ;
Baffling Chatel, he lured him from his prey,
For, though Cécile his generous suit denied,
Still o'er his heart she held unbounded sway.

Soon he resolved to see her once again,
Once more his love and anguish to express ;
Endeavoring thus her purpose to restrain,
Moved by his sorrow and her own distress.

So, while the vessel lay at anchor near,
Cécile upon the shore in sadness gazed,
And seeking peace and light her path to cheer,
Her heart in fervent supplication raised.

She saw a little bark put off from shore,
And swiftly o'er the billowy waters glide ;
With even keel toward the ship it bore,
And soon with rapid stroke approached her side.

Then lightly on the deck her lover sprung,
And, as she met him with a joyful cry,
His arms around the yielding maiden flung—
Ah ! Cécile, thus unnerved, could you his power defy ?

The past, the future, both forgotten quite,
She tasted of unmingled happiness,
Till, from this dream of exquisite delight,
Waking, she strove her feelings to repress.

Bernard at once her purpose understood,
And disappointment on his spirit weighed.
Sternly he said, " Love with such ease subdued,
Not much of strength or constancy displayed."

Stung by his harshness and the words he spoke,
The maiden's anguish rose above control ;
Her thoughts in wild, tumultuous torrent broke,
In tones that told her agony of soul :

" *Not love thee !* Would that it indeed were so,
And with indifference I could see thee go !
But not unmoved thine accents meet mine ear,
And earth seems paradise when thou art near.

If now I calmly bid thee to depart,
'Tis that long agony has crushed my heart !
Oh, wherefore wouldst wake such grief again,
Since love and ease are proffered me in vain ?
For, though I wreck my earthly happiness,
I can not with false lips thy faith profess ;
And though my heart no more with rapture glow,
Better to drain the cup of mortal woe,
Than thus disown my claim to Heavenly love,
And forfeit my inheritance above ! ”

Heart-broken by her sorrow and his own,
De l'Orme, in generously contrite mood,
Prayed her forgiveness, with repentant tone,
That he in vain her sorrow had renewed.

Thus solemnly they parted for this world,
Trusting in Heaven united they should be ;
And soon the lonely ship, with sails unfurled,
Went forth upon the heaving, mighty sea.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

SECESSION.

SOUTHRONS may proclaim their treason,
Change their country and their name ;
Deaf to every plea of reason,
Lost to every touch of shame.

Still, our starry ensign gleaming,
Floats abroad upon the air—
Shines, not less resplendent beaming,
That no false lights mingle there.

From the Union's constellation
Traitors scarce will prove a loss ;
Scorning Northern federation,
They may form a "Southern Cross."

And, unless they mend their manners,
Many crosses they will find—
Ranged beneath conflicting banners,
Every man a *Master* mind!

Slaves of prejudice and passion,
Maybe of Caucasian race ;
Where free speech is out of fashion,
Liberty is out of place.

Riot, Treason, and Secession
Must attain their certain goal ;
Let *us* seek for true progression,
And true liberty of soul.

Like our eagle, fearless soaring
In the open light of day,
Every field of thought exploring,
Truth shall guide us on our way.

Freedom's banner o'er us waving,
While our eagle flies afar—
We will march, all danger braving,
Steady as our Polar Star.

Ours a bond to last forever,
Strong in truth and reason's right,
None our Union can dissever,
And no force resist our might.

While, our Country's weal desiring,
We base thoughts and acts reject,
True our hearts, our hands untiring,
God our Country will protect.

NEW YORK, *February, 1861.*

These lines were sent to the Evening Post.

WAIL FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MEN,

Slain in Baltimore, April 17, 1861.

DEAD—dead !—oh fiat, stern, time's portals closing
On hope and light and life,
Naught left but folded hands and calm reposing
After the din of strife !

Dead !—we would look once more upon their faces,
Who dare such boon deny ?
We would kiss off war's scars and bloody traces,
And bless them where they lie.

Vain hope !—mad Treason in wild exultation
Mangled and mocked the slain ;
Deeming with straws to stay the uprising Nation,
Its righteous wrath restrain.

Not from the lust of power or vengeful feeling
Our heroes met the fight ;
Duty each manly arm and bosom steeling,
They died for Freedom's right.

Like Abraham, we upon our country's altar
Our Isaacs sacrifice ;
Since, who 'twixt liberty and life would falter,
Has, like a slave, his price.

No public funeral pomp and no ovation
We for our fallen crave ;
We have a people's heart-felt indignation,
And *they* the patriot's grave.

In solemn woe, a mournful vigil keeping,
We bow beneath the rod ;
While, mingled with deep sighs and bitter weeping,
Our cry ascends to God.

EDGEWOOD, *May, 1861.*

CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED.

AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Oh, Northern men, true hearts and bold,
Unflinching to the conflict press ;
Firmly our Country's flag uphold,
Till traitorous foes her might confess.

Not lightly was our freedom bought
By many a martyr's cross and grave ;
Six weary years our Fathers fought,
'Midst want and peril, sternly brave.

And thrice six years, with tightening coil,
Still closer drawn by treacherous art,
Men, children of our common soil,
Have preyed upon the Nation's heart.

Yet still it beats, responsive, deep,
Its strong tide swelling through the land,
Gathering a human flood to sweep
Resistless o'er the rebel band.

Firmly resolved to win success,
We'll tread the path our Fathers trod,
Unflinching to the conflict press,
And fearless trust our cause to God.

EDGEWOOD, *July 23, 1861.*

TO THE FIRST REGIMENT OF COLORED SOLDIERS FROM NEW YORK.

1863.

YE, who have learned the freeman's right,
Go forth as freemen in your might !

Be brave, be strong !

Yet mindful of true manhood's claim,
Be yours the courage, whose pure fame

May live in song !

As *men* before the world ye stand ;
So quit yourselves, with heart and hand,

As patriots ought !

As Christians, living in God's sight,
Be Faith your armor, shining bright

In deed and thought.

By love of Freedom firmly bound,
Our differing races hold one ground

Of truth and reason !

Resolved to win the Nation's life,
And whelm, beneath the sea of strife,

The wreck of treason !

In the grand field that lies before you,
The Nation's banner, floating o'er you,
 Be still your pride !
God bless the flag ! each glorious star
A beacon, 'midst the storm of war,
 Your steps to guide !

And when, the weary conflict done,
The goal of Freedom nobly won,
 We meet again,
Come with high hearts and hands unstained,
Proved, by the honor thus maintained,
 Our countrymen !

POEMS OF REFLECTION.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

SLEEP fled mine eyelids, the mysterious awe
Of midnight stillness hovered o'er my soul,
And clouds of sorrow and of doubt I saw
Across the future's misty landscape roll ;
While thoughts that Reason struggled to control
Thronged in, nor at her bidding would withdraw,
But phantom-like and shadowy mocked her law.
Upon mine ear a spirit-whisper stole,
Earnest and full of anguish, faint and low,
Yet filling earth and Heaven and space around
With its wild sorrowing, its plaint of woe,
That never earth nor Heaven nor space could bound,
Speaking the yearning human hearts must know,
The *All* they blindly seek—the little found.

II.

The waning moon rode midway in the sky :
Less bright but softer far her radiance seemed
Than when with fully rounded disk she beamed,
Enthroned in queenly majesty on high,
And stars and planets paled as she drew nigh ;
So calmly glorious, one had scarcely deemed
It was with borrowed luster that she gleamed,
Daring a thousand suns to rivalry.
The stars shone forth with gentle, soothing light,
Gazing on earth with their mild angel eyes,
Like hopes celestial shed on Error's night,
Bidding her from debasing slumber rise ;
Showing their Maker's majesty and might,
In all His works beneficently wise.

III.

And while I listened to Earth's answering moan,
And marveled at those myriad orbs so fair,
Poised and sustained by God's unwavering care,
My soul sent forth a loftier, holier tone,
To strains of love and adoration grown.
Why should we falter—why should we despair ?
Armed with the shield of faith, the sword of prayer,
'Tis ours to follow where our Lord has gone.
Thus may we, steadfast soldiers of the Cross,
With thankful hearts encounter joy or pain,

Nor shrink from conflict through our mortal course,
Counting not life a gain nor death a loss,
If to those happier realms we may attain,
Where perfect Love and Peace forever reign.

IV.

O Faith ! who shall thy mighty power proclaim ?
What strength and joy thy presence can impart,
Nerving the weakest frame, the lowliest heart ;
Patient to bear with wrong, to suffer shame,
And yield, unmurmuring, pleasure, rank, and fame ;
Striving to win that holier, better part,
The sure reward of those who make their claim,
For Jesus' sake, in His all-mighty name !
Who shall rehearse the Heavenly hopes that spring,
In Christian souls, whate'er their portion here,
When, soaring high on Faith's seraphic wing,
As upward borne, they rise from sphere to sphere,
Listening to melodies the angels sing ?
They smile at death, whose love hath conquered fear.

V.

Unworthy servants we, yet are they wrong
Who feeblest Christian deeds and efforts blame,
If from devotion's fervent depths they came ;
All are not gifted—none of us are strong—

Our faith grows faint when trials last too long ;
Yet if our ends be holy, high our aim,
The simplest prayer that childish lips can frame
Shall waken joy amidst the Seraph throng,
For, while we seek to do our Father's will
And to His work our hopes and hearts are given,
Faith, answering prayer, our weary souls shall fill,
And they who for God's truth have earnest striven,
'Midst dreariest ills, behold Hope pointing still
To everlasting peace and love in Heaven.

EDGEWOOD, *July 10, 1852.*

WHEN WEARY OF EARTH'S TOIL AND STRIFE.

WHEN weary of earth's toil and strife
The thrall of sin and care,
The soul aspires to nobler life,
Would breathe serener air—

Faith's glowing fervor sets it free,
The spirit Heavenward springs,
Strong in the perfect liberty
Christ's glorious gospel brings.

But, Love around it throws her chain,
Arrests its upward flight,
And draws it down to earth again
By her resistless might.

Love bids us, striving in Christ's name,
To vanquish sin and pain,
Assert her oft-disputed claim
In human hearts to reign.

Since God's unfathomable love
To us in Christ made known,
Binds us by answering deeds to prove
The filial tie we own.

Feeble our efforts, for each heart
Too much to self is tied
Firmly to choose the better part—
Ambition cast aside.

Unnerved by worldly scoff or frown,
Appalled by earthly loss,
While dreaming of the martyr's *crown*,
We dread the martyr's *cross*.

Yet, when by weakness thus betrayed,
Our faith too sorely tried,
We humbly seek our Father's aid
Our stumbling feet to guide.

Hope's gladdening day-spring finds its way
Through Error's darkling storm,
And pours its clear, unwavering ray
On Truth's majestic form.

And Heavenly Truth, divinely bright,
With Love's reflected grace,
Unfolds in characters of light
God's message to our race.

We gaze on Christ's pathetic face,
We hear His gentle voice ;
Find at His feet a resting-place,
And in that rest rejoice.

Our inmost thoughts by Him divined,
To warn, reprove, repress,
Yet for the frailties of our kind
Divinest tenderness.

Content to follow where He leads,
With Him we onward go ;
His strength sufficient for our needs,
Our weakness, want, and woe.

None are too guilty, too forlorn,
If they but heed His call ;
In His firm clasp their souls upborne,
His love embraces all.

Nor storms nor griefs their hearts affright,
With God's assurance blessed—
“ At eventide there shall be light,”
And joy and peace and rest.

EDGEWOOD, *August, 1877.*

LETHE.

FILL high the Lethean bowl—
Drink, drink, thou suffering soul,
 Here drown thy pain ;
This shall grief's bond dissever,
Rending, unlinked forever
 Memory's dark chain.

Care shall no more annoy,
Nor on the present joy
 Doubt throw its shade,
Cast from the long ago,
Or by the coming woe
 Fitfully made.

Yet pause, take heed to this :
Wouldst thou for earthly bliss
 Peril thy soul ?
Faint ere the fight be done,
Rest ere the race be won,
 Far from the goal ?

Wouldst thou, humanity
Steeping in vanity,
 Manhood lay down ?
Sporting on mirth's gay wing,
Flutter through youth's brief spring —
 Forfeit life's crown ?

Swayed by an idle will,
Heedless of good or ill,
 Talents abused ;
When youth and pleasure fade,
Where wilt thou look for aid,
 God's grace refused ?

Careless of others' moan,
Loving thyself alone,
 Lone be thine end ;
Shrouded in hopeless gloom,
To an unhonored tomb
 Thou shalt descend.

Ours is the war of life,
Ours are toil, grief, and strife,
 Christ's soldiers sworn.
His Cross 'tis ours to bear,
We must all dangers dare,
 Dare pain and scorn.

Not till the combat cease,
May we repose in peace,
Free from alarms ;
Now live we charily,
Keeping watch warily
Over our arms.

Wielding the sword of prayer,
Guard it with earnest care,
Use it in faith ;
Strong is our God to save !
Where now thy gloom, O Grave ?
Christ conquered Death.

NEW YORK, *March, 1858.*

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

ETERNAL God, Almighty, Final Cause,
Alike of mind and matter and their laws !
Art Thou indeed a Being throned too high
To hear Thy creatures' prayers or heed their cry ?
Is the best boon Omnipotence can give
By stern Necessity's fixed law to live ?
And are a generous soul, a loving heart,
Of human frailty but a proof and part ?—
Frailty, from which a blest release they gain
Who to Nirvana's calm repose attain,
And from those chilly mental heights behold
The workings of the Universe unrolled ?
See, from its mystic mass of nebula,
Emerge each system with its solar star ;
View planets slowly from their suns evolved,
Then back to nebulae again resolved.
While the vast Universe that owns their sway
Still cycles through perfection to decay ;
And sentient being suffers, loves, and dies,
In intellectual force alone to rise.
Not such the record Thou hast given, O Lord,
In the clear utterance of Thy Sacred Word :

There art Thou shown the First and Final Cause,
Alike of Mind and Matter and their laws ;
Past, present, future, ever held in view,
And, as the *ages, moments* counted too ;
Without comparison of great or small,
Noted a planet's birth, a sparrow's fall.
Supreme Intelligence o'er law presides,
Supreme Benevolence its action guides ;
Expansive in its essence, as its range,
Adaptive, in inherent scope of change.
Omniscience holding all things in survey,
While Love o'er all alike extends its sway.
God's Spirit, to man's spirit ever near,
His checkered way with hopes divine to cheer,
Bids him in *love* the spring of action find,
Best serving God in service to mankind :
Upon the dreary depths of moral night
Shedding the radiance of His truth and light ;
Pointing the care-worn and sin-darkened soul
Onward and upward to a Heavenly goal.
And sowing thus the rugged fields of life,
Weary of toil and wearier still of strife,
We learn our treasure, as our hearts, to lay
Above the reach of hazard or decay ;
Learn that our finite human powers of mind
Can not, by searching out, God's measure find,
That merely intellectual force must fail,
As erst the Titans' Heavenly heights to scale :

For as in God alone we truly live,
So He alone *immortal* life can give—
Assured to those who, strong in patient faith,
Have learned, through Christ, by love to conquer death.

EDGEWOOD, *August, 1878.*

FULL OFTEN O'ER LIFE'S FRAGILE BARK.

FULL often o'er Life's fragile bark
Care's sullen tempest lowers,
Whose gloom, with sad forebodings dark,
The pilot's faith o'erpowers.

And e'en though Heaven, with kindly ray,
The dim horizon light,
He fears to try the appointed way
And steer his course aright ;

Shunning the radiance Mercy sent
To cheer his fainting soul,
As by a warning beacon lent
To mark some dangerous shoal.

What wonder that, although sincere,
His mind by doubt is tossed !
The only compass given us here
Is Faith, which he has lost.

With this, secure, where'er we err,
Without it, we must be
Still like this weary mariner
Upon a storm-vexed sea.

PHILADELPHIA, *January 8, 1843.*

ST. JOHN.

IN his pure breast Love burned with lambent flame
For all who owned Christ's mediatorial claim ;
Unchecked by forms, its clear, celestial ray
Shone brightly on his Heaven-directed way ;
Fervent *her* love whose sad and guilty fears
The Saviour's pardon changed to rapturous tears ;
But *his*, spontaneous and unstained by crime,
Pure, ardent, comprehensive, was sublime.
Would we might learn the lesson that he taught,
To love—since we by love to God are brought,
Not by our love to Him, but His to man,
Still brightly glowing since the world began !
Alas ! that we should ever strive to find
The errors, not the virtues, of our kind ;
Severely scan our brother's faults, nor heed
What charity in his defense may plead.
His Lord and ours taught both alike to pray,
Both seek His kingdom and admit his sway :
Each, as our guide, His holy Word receive,
Read it with care, and what we read believe ;
Yet, in some trifling form, excuse we find
To call the other ignorant and blind ;
And while we would Christ's humble followers be,
Forget to practice true humility.

Come, then, benignant, Heaven-illumined Love,
Shine in our spirits from the realms above !
And as Thou erst in the " beloved one " dwelt,
Descend again and make Thy presence felt ;
To all Thy holy influence impart,
And shed Thy ray on every Christian heart ;
Then, from the altar of our souls, shall spring,
Fanned by our guardian seraph's hovering wing,
A flame to guide us on our earthly way,
Till merged at last in Heaven's more perfect day

PHILADELPHIA, *January, 1843.*

TO LIGHT.

I.

Who can describe thy glorious birth, O Light !
“ Darkness made visible,” thy presence fled,
When, bursting first upon primeval night,
Thy life-diffusing beams o’er chaos spread ;
Then bird and insect first essayed their flight,
And fishes gayly through bright waters sped,
While on the air sweet flowers their perfume shed,
And all around was sunshine and delight ;
Till Evening drew o’er heaven her dewy veil,
That earth might taste the blessedness of rest ;
Now faintly glowed the crimson-tinted west,
And in celestial beauty, mild and pale,
The moon and stars their Maker’s love expressed,
Who bade their rays o’er night’s dark shades prevail.

II.

Thy gentle influence still, O Light, was there,
Since, where thou art not, beauty can not be,
And peace and beauty hovered everywhere ;
Felt in the azure sky, the moonlit air,

The graceful waving of each wind-stirred tree,
In light and shade mingling mysteriously,
While each the other foiling grew more fair ;
For beauty sprang to life, O Light, with thee !
In those glad hours of Nature's glowing prime,
Crowned with a glory to our eyes unknown,
Untouched by sorrow and undimmed by crime,
The earth with loftier peace and beauty shone,
In purity and innocence sublime,
Of perfect manhood the befitting throne.

III.

I've gazed upon old Ocean in his pride,
When wave on wave in grand procession passed,
And, all around in surging billows massed,
The waters hemmed us in on every side,
While sunset far its golden splendor cast,
Till slowly in the west day's glory died ;
Then all the heaving flood, so deep, so vast,
A mystic, self-emitted light supplied,
Nor waned it—till the moonbeams, strangely bright,
Shone forth with startling radiance on the night ;
While masts, spars, shrouds, in sharp, bold outline shone,
Their shadows darkly on the deck were thrown—
Our sails, like spirit-wings, outstretched for flight,
With foam-wreathed wake, the ship sped swiftly on.

IV.

I've seen on lofty mountains' snowy crest
Soft Morning pausing on her dewy way,
Shed o'er each brow her gentle, rosy ray,
While, in responsive, blushing smiles expressed,
All in their turn her radiant power confessed.
Onward she passed ; the sun assumed his sway,
And round each peak a glory seemed to play,
As upward from the east day's monarch pressed.
From the deep valleys misty twilight fled,
And nature, soon, returning life displayed ;
While, as the still increasing daylight spread,
The wild birds' chorus filled each woodland glade,
And insects, in the sunshine overhead,
On gauzy, humming wing glad circles made.

V.

But wert thou now, O Light, to disappear,
With thee would perish every joy we prize,
Bewildering darkness blinding seeing eyes ;
Even lingering Hope must leave our nether sphere,
All form, grace, color vanished, and the skies
Hung like sad funeral pall o'er Nature's bier,
While Earth's deep agony, despair, and fear
In wildly wailing notes toward Heaven would rise.

Our God, in mercy hath not willed it so,
Nor sends man such extremity of woe ;
But when He first ordained the cheerful day,
And gave the sun with ardent, genial ray
Alternate o'er each hemisphere to glow,
Bade night the paler planet's rule obey.

VI.

Thus o'er the world, O Light, thou reign'st supreme !
And life and beauty follow in thy train ;
Mountains and valleys and the billowy main,
Forever changing 'neath thy fitful beam.
For still with varying luster thou dost gleam ;
Yet even when midnight clouds thy power restrain
A moment hidden—thou return'st again ;
Thine absence fleeting as a fearful dream,
Erst on our race in tongues of lambent light,
Was shed the Holy Spirit we adore :
And, where the nations sat in darkest night,
His quickening beams the Christian martyrs bore,
Pointing, through death, in faith's resistless might,
To realms where light and life smile evermore.

EDGEWOOD, *March 13, 1853.*

OLD AGE.

I.

Now entering on the straitened ways that slope
Down to the dreary level of old age,
While yet endures our earthly pilgrimage,
'Tis ours with listless apathy to cope ;
The measure of our waning force to gauge,
And give to lessening powers their highest scope,
Striving for an immortal heritage.
Work, watch, and wait in patient faith and hope !
Work, thankful that in Life's far-reaching field
The feeblest hands some kindly seed may sow ;
Watch, strengthened, shielded by our Master's grace,
Lest to distrust our drooping spirits yield ;
Wait, serving here in patience, till we go
To see and love and serve Him face to face.

II.

And they who, waiting, serve in patience here,
Even here the meed of faithful service earn,
The immeasurable love of God discern ;
And though in clouds life's sunshine disappear,

Still to that love for peace and comfort turn,
Of grief and pain the highest purpose learn,
And from the Master's words of tender cheer
Gain faith to pray and strength to persevere.
Not theirs heroic deeds of youth to dare,
Or steadier toil of middle age pursue ;
But theirs indwelling evil to destroy,
The weight of added years with patience wear,
Till, conflict passed, Death opens to their view
Heaven's blissful service, boundless as its joy.

EDGEWOOD, *November 3, 1878.*

WRITTEN FOR MISS DIX,

ON THE SAD ANNIVERSARY OF HER ENTRANCE INTO INVALIDISM.

FEEBLE body, weary soul,
Nearing life's appointed goal,
Would, submissive to Thy will,
All their work on earth fulfill.
Father, to my lonely heart
Thine all-healing peace impart ;
By infirmity opprest,
Lead me to thy promised rest ;
Send me Faith's unwavering ray,
Shining to the perfect day,
Hope celestial hovering near
Pain and solitude to cheer ;
And best gift, all joys above,
Fold me in Thy boundless love !

TRENTON, *October 10, 1882.*

A POET'S REVERIE.

A POET lay beneath a tree,
Dreaming in the summer shade,
While the sunbeams glancing played
Midst the leafy canopy
That above him waving spread ;
On the waters rippling dance,
Ever shifting to and fro,
With a scintillating glow,
Lightly fell the poet's glance.
Wandering thence, far overhead,
Midst white flocks of clouds wind-driven
O'er the azure fields of Heaven ;
In fantastic order ranging,
Half dissolving, ever changing !
Then the poet, smiling, said :
" Earth is full of lovely things,
And her beauty wakes in one
Many a pleasant memory.
Floating high on spirit-wings,
'Midst the glorious realms of thought,
There before me lie unrolled
Many mighty, ancient places,

Where the eye untiring traces
Curious hidden things of old :
All the wonders that were wrought,
All the customs that were cherished,
All the learning, power, and glory,
Told in legendary story,
Of the nations that had perished
When the world was in its youth.
Though my body here is tied,
My adventurous soul may go
To the land of frost and snow,
'Midst those icy regions glide,
Seeking scientific truth ;
Where in wondrous polar night,
When the sun withdraws his rays,
The white North King reigns supreme ;
And his palace-arches gleam
With unearthly luster bright,
As above, around them plays
The Aurora's wizard light ! ”
And the poet smiled again ;
But as he glanced around,
His eye fell upon the ground,
With a sudden start of pain,
On a paper lying near :
“ Earth indeed is full of beauty,
Still her Maker's impress keeping,”
Said the poet, sorely weeping,

“ And she preaches to us mutely,
Truths that we refuse to hear ;
For the tide of life flows forward
In a wild, tumultuous flood ;
And men call him but a coward
That would shrink from shedding blood
On the raging battle-plain ;
Very terrible the strife
When we arm our gentler nature
'Gainst a human fellow-creature,
And, bereft of sense and life,
Dust returns to dust again !
Full of triumph, full of glory,
Is the page I yonder read ;
And alas ! how few will heed
That the victory was so gory,
And so very small the need !
Far different is war's seeming,
When in his country's cause,
On *her* soil the patriot draws
His weapon, brightly gleaming,
For *her* sake content to bleed.
Now the voice of lamentation
Rises wildly on the air ;
Tones of sorrow and despair,
The loud wailing of a nation
For her many loved ones slain !
Oh ! earth is full of anguish,

And mine eyes with tears o'erflow,
Listening to these notes of woe,
Raised by hearts that writhe and languish
In affliction's heavy chain !
Oh ! ye sad ones, stricken, bleeding,
Jesus, once by grief opprest,
To the weary offers rest ;
Feeble pilgrims gently leading
To that happy spirit-shore ;
Where, if ye patient follow,
Ye shall dwell in heavenly regions,
With the glorious angel legions,
Who from mortal sin and sorrow
Are redeemed for evermore ! ”
Then once more the poet's eye
Fell upon the lovely scene
That before him lay serene,
And he glanced from earth to sky,
On the Heavens pensive gazed ;
But the poet did not smile,
For a sense of sadness lay
On his soul that summer day,
That no beauty could beguile ;
And his heart in prayer was raised,
That those spirits sorely tried,
In their utter desolation,
Might find strength and resignation,
By affliction purified ;

And, upheld by fervent faith,
Safely pass the gates of death
To that better home above,
In the fullness of God's love
To abide!

EDGEWOOD, *December 5, 1854.*

WHEREFORE AND THEREFORE.

My soul is weary of Earth's ceaseless strife,
 Weary of life ;
Then wherefore should I longer delve and toil ?
 This mortal coil
Ere long, in senseless apathy must lie ;
Unchangeable the fiat—all must die !

My heart is weary of Earth's guilt and woe,
 Weary of all below ;
Then wherefore longer strive with sin and pain,
 Struggling in vain
For that which has not been and can not be
Until time merges in eternity ?

My mind is weary of Earth's ignorance ;
 As in a trance,
I see men eat and sleep, labor and die,
 In dull complacency ;
Then wherefore should I seek the tide to sway,
That sweeps resistless by upon its way ?

My feet are weary, wearily they stray
 Along life's rugged way ;
Wounded by many a sharp and flinty stone,
 I make my secret moan ;
Then wherefore seek the hopeless race to win,
Fainting 'neath the pain, infirmity, and sin ?

My hands are weary, and would cease to sow
 Seed that they vainly throw ;
Then wherefore dig and plant in barren field
 That will no harvest yield ?
Nay, I would lay me down and take my rest,
Like a tired infant on its mother's breast.

My soul is weary of Earth's bitter strife ;
 Therefore, I count my life
But loss—content to spend for Christ's sake :
 Soon must I make
My bed beneath the green and quiet sod ;
Till then, I labor for mankind and God.

My heart is weary of Earth's misery ;
 Therefore unceasingly
I seek sin's deadly influence to subdue,
 And to renew
Lost holiness and purity and love—
Laying up treasure in the *home* above.

My mind is weary, when I see the light
 Of truth, on the dark night
Of error, vainly shed Faith's glorious day ;
 Therefore I point the way,
Alike from doubt or superstition free,
To win, through Christ, love's perfect liberty !

My feet are weary, wounded, but I know
 How light *my* weight of woe ;
How sharp the pangs, the scourge, the cross, the scorn,
 By Christ, my Master, borne ;
Therefore in life's rough way I may not pause,
But, strong in faith and hope, maintain His cause.

My hands are weary—yet I till Life's soil,
 And unrepining toil,
Trusting in “ God who giveth the increase ” ;
 Therefore my soul in peace
Bideth His time, content to do His will,
And strong to suffer all things and be still.

All things are theirs, Christ's faithful followers found ;
 All things abound
With tender mercy to our thoughtless race ;
 So by His grace
Shall dawn the brightness of the perfect day,
And Earth, rejoicing, own Love's gentle sway.

Then to the stature of true manhood grown,
Knowing as we are known,
No more shall fear the Father's face obscure ;
Therefore, in joy secure,
The weary, heavy-laden hearts shall rest,
Their patient toil by full fruition blest !

EDGEWOOD, *March, 1855.*

FREDERICK.

RICH IN PEACE.

WITH an honest, tender heart,
Prompt to play a manly part,
 And firm of will,
Toward the goal of duty pressing,
Patient hope thy soul possessing,
 In good or ill ;
Though life's cares with years increase,
Mayst thou still be "rich in peace."

God, who knoweth best our need,
Gives to every one his meed,
 Of joy or pain ;
Ours to labor day by day,
Guided by Faith's steady ray,
 In loss or gain ;
Thus, though cares and years increase,
We may still be "rich in peace."

See thou cumber not the land,
But, with head and heart and hand,

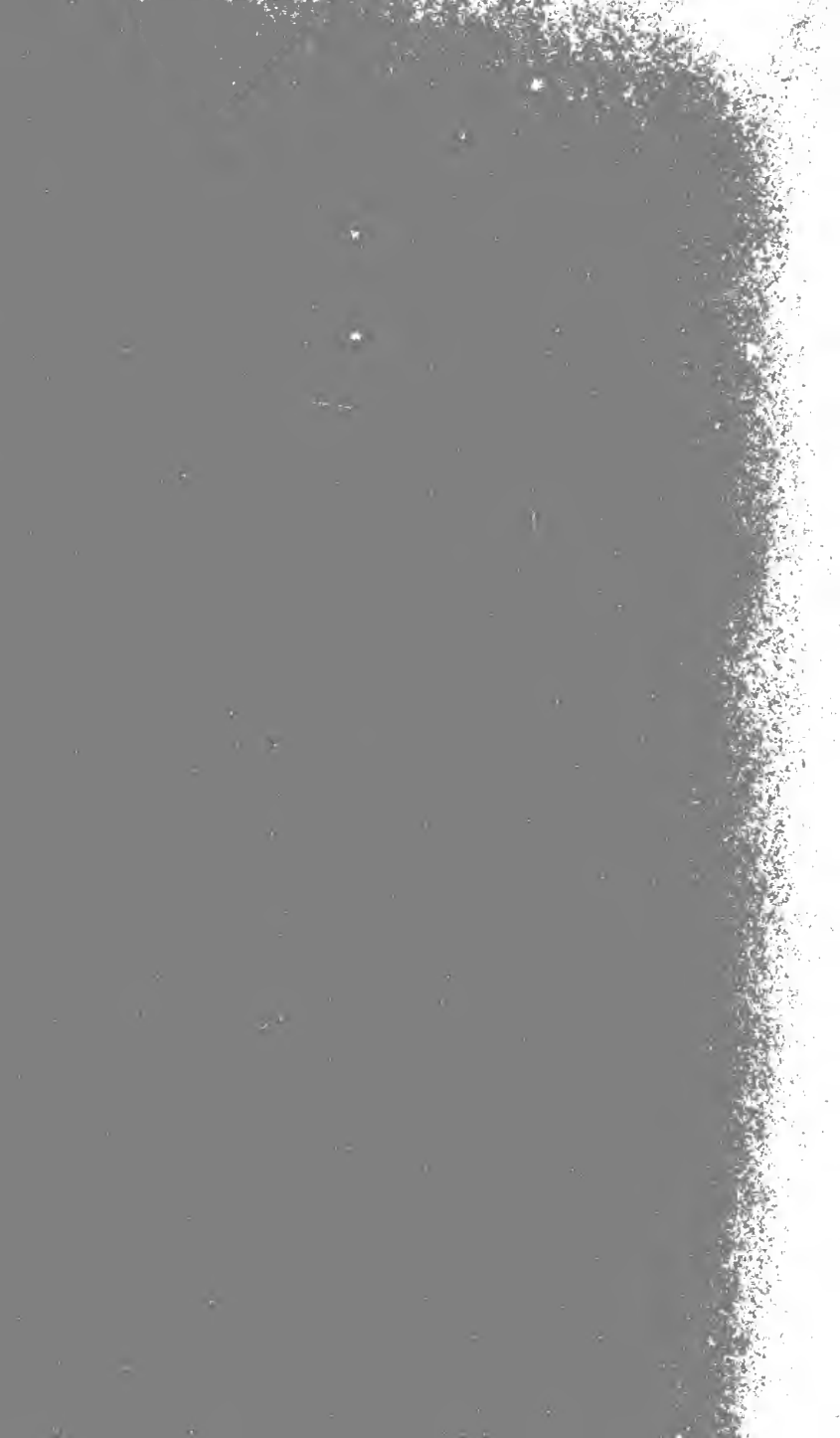
Uphold the right ;
Nerving hand and heart and brain
Still the contest to maintain,
In Truth's calm might ;
Though the conflict never cease,
Thou mayst still be " rich in peace."

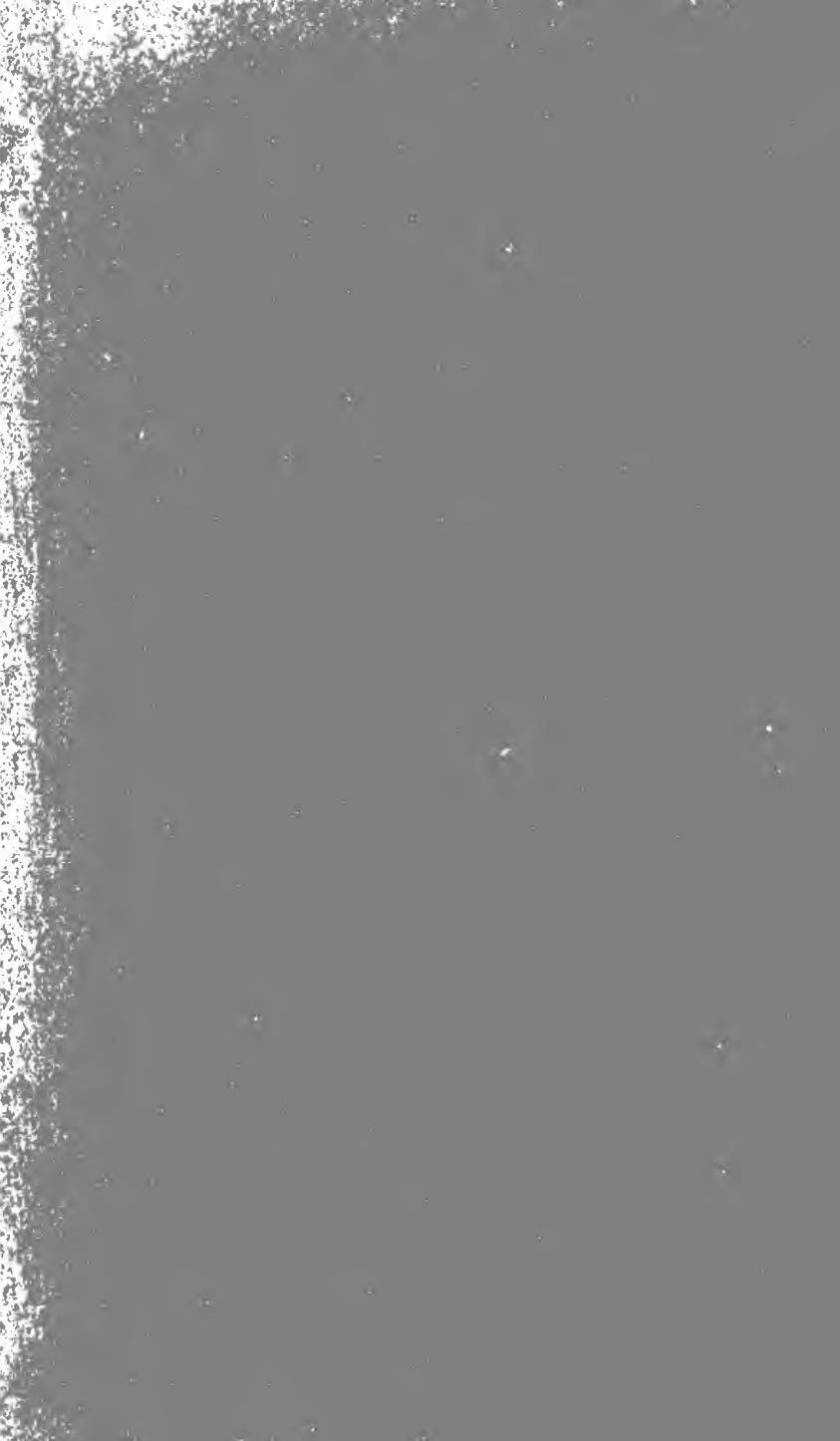
Childhood's fears and tears outgrown,
Childish things aside are thrown,
Live well thy life ;
On God's love securely stayed,
Plant and water undismayed,
By toil or strife ;
Trusting God for the increase,
" Rich in charity and peace."

Youth is short and fleeting time,
Seize them in thy manhood's prime,
Be strong and brave ,
Pressing upward to the prize,
Higher than the starry skies,
Beyond the grave ;
Thine, when earthly labors cease,
Heavenly treasures " rich in peace."

March 1, 1867.







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